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COME, MAY.

Day and night, and night and day,
I pray, and cannot choose but pray,
With lowly-bended brows:
God, let the glory come to pass
Of Easter-daisies in the grass,
And green leaves on the boughs!

All sick and pale my Mona lies,
All pale and sick, with longing eyes—
A flower that dies for rain;
And day and night my heart's wild beats
Cry for a thousand sweetest sweets
To charm away her pain.

O waters bound with curdling rime!
Come dancing on before your time,
Through mists of silver spray;
And, picking out your tenderest trills,
Come, yellow bills, come, yellow bills,
And sing your lives away!

All buds with unfulfilled hours,
Have birth at once in perfect flowers,
I charge you, in love's name;
For when the unsanctioned is allied
So nearly to the sanctified,
Not Heaven itself can blame!

Then shall the lily leave the shade,
And tend her like a waiting-maid,
Making her pillow sweet;
The rose shall to her window climb,
And tell her that the low-leaved thyme
Is waiting for her feet.

O drowsy-lidded violets!
Constellate flower that never sets!
And blush-bells, low and small,
And pinks, and pansies, plain and pied,
And sovereign marigolds beside—
My Mona needs you all!

Low lying in her pallid pain,
A flower that thirsts and dies for rain,
I see her night and day;
And every heart-beat is a cry,
And every breath I breathe a sigh—
O for the May! the May!

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Chester's few days lengthened to a fortnight. The August days had passed away, and the crisp September ones were beginning to have an October feeling about them. Why did not Mr. Chester depart? Ah! he could not leave his pupil—he was far too much interested in her progress, for, in spite of all her protestations he had prevailed upon her once more to take the pencil into her hand.

So mused Joyce, as she watched the two sketching together, and talking together, whilst she stood by and admired first the one drawing and then the other, and sighed to think she was no artist.

Occasionally she tried to excuse herself from forming one of the party, but her objections, if not overruled by Doris, were swept away by Mr. Carmichael; and she found herself constantly in the uncomfortable position of a third, where there ought only to have been two persons.

Half in earnest and half in jest, Doris suggested her making an attempt.

"Who knows what amount of talent you may have until you try," said she.

And Joyce, half condemning herself for her weakness in allowing herself to be persuaded, was overcome by Doris's arguments. Yet, who know, till the necessity comes to draw it forth, of what amount of latent talent they may be possessed? And yet common sense whispered to her, "It would have manifested itself before."

But people, even if they possess it, do not always avail themselves of common sense. It has a damping effect which the inclination has a propensity to override, and therefore its suggestions fall idly on the mind, or are set aside by the will in a most headstrong manner.

And so with poor Joyce, the temptation to have some kind of right to accompany the sketchers prevailed over her better judgment; she provided herself with pencil and paper, and, under Mr. Chester's auspices, set to work at her first sketch from nature.

But her success was less than dubious. Mr. Chester was obliged to admit that the attempt was a complete failure.

"You must keep to music, Miss Dormer, and Doris and I must be the sketchers."

And an inward pang shot through Joyce's heart, and in her annoyance she could not refrain from saying:

"Then I had better stay at home and practice whilst you are drawing.

Mr. Chester looked up at her:

"Talents are divided, Miss Dormer, it is not fair that one person should be gifted in every way."

Had he discovered her thoughts? She was vexed with herself. But it was just the way in which, if she wished to stand well with anyone, she was sure to be inefficient in the guard she kept over herself. And having spoken petulantly once, she tried to speak calmly and indifferently as she asked:

"Do you think me unreasonable for wishing to be able to sketch?"

But in spite of her assumed indifference there was a certain amount of pique in the tone.

"No," said he, quietly.

"What for, then?"

It was now Mr. Chester's turn to hesitate. And Doris said:

"Gabriel will be delighted to have another pupil to lecture. That is just the way he used to find out what I was thinking of, whether my words fitted my thoughts or not."

"I should not presume to lecture Miss Dormer," said he.

"Though you would much like to do so," put in Doris.

"No," he answered.

"I, should not be worth it," replied Joyce, and it must be confessed that she laid rather a strong emphasis on the "I."

What unreasonable creatures women are. No wonder they are accused of a want of logical power. Here was she angry one moment because Mr. Chester seemed to be finding fault with her, and angry the very next because he did not wish to do so. Do people ever know what they want? And then Joyce felt angry with herself for having betrayed any temper upon the subject, and so, after pretending to be engrossed with watching the progress of Doris's drawing, during which time she felt exceedingly cross and uncomfortable, she made some excuse about something she must do for Aunt Lotty, and left Mr. Chester and Doris talking and laughing, and evidently caring very little whether she went away or not.

Mr. Chester never once looked up from his picture as she made her excuses. Perhaps he knew that they were but excuses; if so, she had fallen still lower in his estimation. So she felt more and more annoyed, and as she could now stay no longer with any dignity, she was obliged to retreat.

As she crossed the garden Mr. Carmichael met her: he had been unable to accompany the sketching party that morning.

"Where is Doris?" he asked.

"Sketching, with Mr. Chester."

"Why have you left them together?" said he. "I gave you credit for more sense. Don't you see that this man is an adventurer, and hearing of Doris's expectations, has turned up at the right moment for his own views but not for mine, for if he thinks ever to marry Doris he'll find himself mistaken. Are you too blind to see how matters stand? Just answer me honestly."

"Honestly? As if I were likely to do anything else," thought she.

Ah, Joyce!

Then she answered:

"I do see that Mr. Chester likes Doris, but as to his knowing that she was likely to be an heiress, he knew nothing about that until he came here."

"So he says," returned Mr. Carmichael, with a sneer; "but I know human nature a little better than you do, and I've tried to keep them apart. He'll be working on her feelings by talking to her of her mother and of old times, as he is the only person who knows much of their affairs."

And Mr. Carmichael looked curiously at Joyce. He was sounding her: she was perfectly aware of it: but she thought, "the truth never did any harm, so you shall have the benefit of any knowledge I may have upon the subject, Mr. Carmichael, and then perhaps your tactics may become clearer to me," so she replied:

"I don't think Mr. Chester knows a great deal about Mrs. Carmichael's affairs; it is a long time since he saw her—seven years ago, and she was very ill at the time, though he did not know what had caused her illness."

"Ha!" said Mr. Carmichael, suddenly becoming much interested, "When? How long since, did you say?"

"About seven years ago."

"Seven years ago; and you say she was ill, and he did not know the cause of her illness. Did he not find out the cause? Are you quite sure? You have heard him and Doris talking. Has there been nothing said between them as to the reason of this illness?"

"Nothing," returned Joyce.

But though she had spoken the actual truth, she almost felt it to be an evasion.

Mr. Carmichael took a few strides forward, then he turned once more to his companion.

"Joyce," said he, "I don't like this Mr. Chester. I shall be glad when he goes away. He interferes with the business I have in hand. I feel obliged to be civil to him for my poor sister's sake, for he and his mother were kind to her at a time," here Mr. Carmichael stopped, and covered his eyes for a moment with the flabby white hand, "when—when—I was not quite so kind a brother to her as I might have been." Here Mr. Carmichael was again overcome, and Joyce wondered that he had forgotten all that he had told her relative to his ignorance of his sister's existence. But that nothing of the sort occurred to Mr. Carmichael was evident from his continuance of his speech as soon as his emotion permitted him.

"That has all been repented of, Joyce—repented of, and made straight with my sister before her death. And now my views are centered in her child; and to Doris shall ample reparation be made for all the injuries and neglect that her mother suffered. No matter at what cost, no matter to whosoever concerned. But this artist,—I don't like him; he must be got rid of. Doris is far too much absorbed in him. He is not good enough for her."

Inwardly his companion pronounced Mr. Chester good enough for anyone, and so she knew did Doris; and if Mr. Chester had any idea of marrying her, which of course he had, all the Mr. Carmichaels in the world would not prevent it.

"Have you any idea when Mr. Chester thinks of going away?" asked Mr. Carmichael.

"Next week."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Carmichael, with a sigh of relief; "and to-day is Saturday. Early in the week do you think?"

"On Tuesday."

"The sooner the better," said he; "and I must find means to prevent his coming here again."

"I believe he is going abroad for the winter," remarked Joyce.

Mr. Carmichael rubbed his hands.

"You are a good sensible girl, Joyce, in spite of your name. I dare say I shall not repent your coming to Green Oake. I would rather that you did not mention this conversation to Doris. I give this caution because it is my opinion that girls tell one another everything when they get together. And Doris might repeat it to Mr. Chester; and though I don't want Mr. Chester for a friend, I don't care to have him for an enemy. You will remember."

Yes, she would remember, and say nothing. And then all her old annoyance, which she had lost sight of during her conversation with Mr. Carmichael, returned with freshened vigor. She seemed to be made a cat's paw of in every way, and to be placed in the most disagreeable position imaginable—in the pay, as it were, of adverse parties, and that involuntarily, through no effort of her own; yet she knew which she sided with, and which, when the time came, would have her support as it had now her sympathies.

She believed all Mr. Carmichael had been telling her to be utterly false, simply because through it she discovered that what he had told her before was not altogether true. It added fresh mystification to the story she was unravelling, and though it bewildered her, it at the same time made her more determined to penetrate it.

She stood silent before him, waiting any further instructions, but he had nothing else to say; "He would go and look after Mr. Chester and Doris."

But, as he spoke, they came in sight.

Joyce was astonished to see them so soon, and blushed when Mr. Chester inquired if she had transacted the business for Aunt Lotty.

To which she made no reply, but made her escape into the house.

By evening she had partially recovered her equanimity. Doris made her play all her best pieces; and, strange to say, Mr. Carmichael, who ordinarily objected to music, seconded the performance of them, and applauded at the end of each, though he could not have told whether the notes she had played had been false or correct.

As for Doris, she sat in profound admiration; her tiny fingers, though quick as lightning amongst her bobbins, would not have been skilled to run a race with Joyce's on the piano.

And then Mr. Carmichael insisted upon Mr. Chester's singing again to them, and Mr. Chester begged Joyce to try some duets.

Which duets were much more of a success than the sketch from nature.

And Doris listened breathless, and as each song was ended, asked for "but one more."

"How different from me," mused conscience-stricken Joyce; "but I suppose I am less amiable than Doris, and have more need to keep guarded the avenues to my heart."

"And, as she closed the piano, Mr. Chester asked, with a half-smile,

"Is not one talent enough, Miss Dormer?"

And Joyce could answer gayly,

"People, you know, are never content."

And when she and Doris were having their nightly chat, she said:

"Doris, I wish I were half as good as you."

And Doris, in some surprise, replied,

"You are much better, Joyce."

But Joyce knew her own heart, and how hard it was to keep it; for, how many little doors there where that were constantly opening to let in the evil thoughts that, when they entered, locked themselves up so securely that it was almost impossible to drive them out again. A citadel that was in a state of constant siege, and wanted all her forces to take and to retake.

And long into the night she sat looking out of her porch window, watching the stars shining through the frosty night air, and wishing that she, Joyce Dormer, were far away above them all, and had nothing to do with the earth any longer.

"Perhaps," she pondered, "I am becoming more spiritual, and rising above a temporal frame of mind."

"No, no," said an answering voice within her; "it is still self, self. There is a gnawing pain at your heart that you must bear for many a day, Joyce Dormer, till in long years, so far off now, that they scarcely seem to have a beginning, it will have worn itself out, and there will be peace once more."

"Peace, peace," sighed Joyce; "oh, that I were far away from Green Oake, and had never seen either Doris or Mr. Chester."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Chester went at last.

Mr. Carmichael was glad, but he professed to be sorry, and actually drove Mr. Chester to the nearest station himself.

The rest of the party were really sorry at his departure, and Aunt Lotty mourned over it as if he had been a near and dear relative. She felt sure that Mr. Carmichael had quite enjoyed his visit, and that he was all the better for a little society.

"You know, dear," said she, with a half-sigh, "I am but a poor companion for a superior man like Mr. Carmichael, and I fear he sometimes finds it a little dull with me. You see what he can be when he has his equals to deal with."

It was evident that Aunt Lotty, inspired by the halcyon days which had lately breathed around her, had invested in a new frame for Mr. Carmichael, and that he had stepped into it all freshly varnished, or rather a coating of rust and dust that had been covering him for years had been wiped away during the last few days, and Mr. Carmichael now appeared in the guise in which he had shone forth to her admiring gaze when she was Miss Charlotte Dormer, and he her accepted lover.

Well, if these hallucinations are possible, let them be so. It is well in this world that a small touch of happiness can cast so bright a ray over a very wide space of dreariness and monotony,—that one little spark of hope or joy shall kindle into such a flame that it will blaze like a beacon-fire, and lure the traveller on past weary milestones. True, the watch-fire may burn out, but it has done its work; the traveller looks back over the wild weird waste, and knows that without that light he had never had strength to pass through the darksome region.

Aunt Lotty's touch of happiness had been like an enchanted lamp that bathed in golden glory everything that came beneath its rays. Aladdin's lamp was not to be compared with it. What were turbaned slaves and costly garments, and jewelled salvers heaped with precious stones? Mere dazzling trifles, bewildering childish eyes, and making childish hearts wish that the days of magic were not quite beyond the pale of possibility. But older eyes and older hearts are not so dazed with splendid gauds; they have outlived their youthful credulity in the glitter of this world's gold, and want something more satisfying. And lo! there still was to be found upon earth a wondrous lamp whose rays could penetrate to hidden regions and send dancing, life-giving beams into a quiet breast that had long known nothing but darkness.

No wonder Aunt Lotty set a high value on her lamp. It was worth more to her than all the diamonds in Sinbad's valley.

So she treasured up her lamp and kept it bright, and when she rubbed it brighter than usual, a gracious genie appeared; and Aunt Lotty, full of admiration at the apparition, must needs have a sharer in her admiration, and so it fell that she and Joyce had many a long chat over the departed guest.

And Joyce, like a silly fly, drew near to the lamp, and whilst she admired burned her wings at it.

Thus would the conversation run:

"Mr. Chester is the pleasantest—that is to say, almost the pleasantest man I ever met with," began Aunt Lotty; "he reminds me a little of Mr. Carmichael when first I met him—"

"Oh, dear!" mentally ejaculates Joyce, but she answers no word, and Aunt Lotty proceeds—

"Though in quite a different style, for Mr. Carmichael is dark, or perhaps I should say, not exactly dark, but dark and light, whilst Mr. Chester is decidedly fair, only he is so sunburnt."

"Yes," replies Joyce, meekly: and her inward comment runs, "A different style; I should think so! And then she becomes theoretic, and seeing so great a difference in the two men, is inclined to heterodoxy, and doubts whether both could by any possibility be descended from the same Adam, and whether there may not be some other source from whence Mr. Carmichael has derived his origin. And she further indulges in a speculation as to what type of strange monster he could have been modified from, or rather in what sort of monster a chain of retrogressive Mr. Carmichaels, carried back to a much more remote period than any authentic pedigree dates from, would end.

But Aunt Lotty does not pause in her eulogies, and so perceives not that Joyce's thoughts are wandering. And then Joyce returns to consciousness with a great start, for Aunt Lotty's next speech recalls her to the realities of life.

"I suppose he will marry Doris. She can't help liking him."

"No."

"And it is a comfort to think how happy she will be with him."

"Yes," answers Joyce; but she feels that her wings are scorched terribly. And thus the conversation ends. And by degrees Joyce comes to look upon Doris's marriage as a settled thing, "which perhaps may be as well, as it prevents my thinking too much of Mr. Chester. So she moralizes; but it is doubtful whether her moralising has much efficacy in producing the intended effect.

Sunday and Monday had been very happy days for all parties, for Mr. Carmichael had relaxed in his vigilance. Probably he had been relieved at discovering how very little Mr. Chester knew of his sister's private affairs. But this ease of mind only made Joyce the more convinced that there was something that Mr. Carmichael wished to have concealed.

Nothing had been seen of the Gresford Lynns during Mr. Chester's visit. The events of the last fortnight had almost blotted out the pale suffering face from Joyce's memory.

Not so Doris. She had found means to inquire, and had heard that Mrs. Gresford Lynn was not likely ever to leave the house again.

"Mr. Lynn carries her up and down stairs, and never leaves her. He is devoted to her, Joyce. He looks almost as ill as she does. I think he must have had some great sorrow in his life. He seems often as if he were thinking not exactly of the present, but as if there were another trouble that in some way mixed itself up with this."

"You seem to have studied Mr. Lynn attentively, Doris."

"Yes," said she. "I studied him artistically at first, for though I never intend to do much drawing, or sketching, or anything of that sort, I know that I have artistic perceptions, and I never saw a face I so much admired as Mr. Lynn's."

"Do you think him handsomer than Mr. Chester?"

"Oh, I could not compare the two. Mr. Lynn is so calm, so majestic, so far off. I do not think I should care to talk much to him, for I have such a strange feeling of reverence for him. Now, dear old Gabriel is so sunny and full of life, and I know him so well, and am not the least afraid of talking nonsense before him. I love him as if he were my own brother."

"And better," thought Joyce, "as every one but yourself can see."

"Those dear little boys!" continued Doris. "How grieved their mother must be to leave them!"

"And yet, perhaps, death takes away grief of that kind," interposed Joyce.

"What do you mean?"

"Everything must seem so different when one is dying," went on Joyce. "One then sees how unimportant everything is; how little it matters whom we leave, for they must soon come after us. There is no dreary feeling of losing, nothing made dark; but we go a little while before, to be ready to welcome those we love. I sometimes envy the dying."

"But life is very beautiful," pleaded Doris.

"To some."

"But for the sake of others one might wish to live. Now Mrs. Lynn, for the sake of her husband and children—"

"Perhaps so."

"Joyce, what is the matter with you to-day? You are not like yourself."

"Nothing. I have been sitting too long over my work, and I want a good walk to freshen up my ideas. Will you go with me?"

"Yes. How I wish we could meet with Mrs. Gresford Lynn once more. But this is impossible."

"Quite impossible. The days are growing colder and colder. There is no possibility of ever seeing her again."

As if people knew anything about possibility or impossibility!

CHAPTER XI.

As if people knew anything of possibilities or impossibilities!

Joyce and Doris were sitting over the fire in the little porch-room, when there came a knock at the door. It was Sarah, the housemaid, and she brought a note for Doris. A note is a great event where there are, so to speak, no neighbors, and Doris received it in some surprise.

But her astonishment was greater when on opening it she found it to be from Mr. Gresford Lynn. Mrs. Gresford Lynn was much worse—almost dying he feared. She had wished several times to see Doris, and now Mr. Lynn had, at her urgent request, written to ask if this wish could be gratified. Circumstances prevented his making the appeal to Mr. Carmichael. Would Miss Carmichael and Miss Dormer unite in bringing the matter about? He knew there would be obstacles, he almost feared insuperable ones; but he entreated that they would make every effort to gratify the earnest wish of his dying wife.

Joyce looked at Doris when the note was finished.

"What shall you do?"

"Go," returned Doris, quietly.

"Go," repeated Joyce; "and what will Mr. Carmichael say?"

"I do not care."

"But, Doris," began Joyce, putting her hand upon her arm, for she had sprung from her seat, and was going for her cloak.

"Don't stop me," said she, shaking off Joyce's hand impatiently; "the woman is dying, and if there were twenty Mr. Carmichaels they should not prevent my going."

"Are you going alone?"

At that moment another knock was heard; this time it was Aunt Lotty, as pale as a ghost; she could scarcely speak, her teeth chattered so.

"Girls," said she, speaking with great difficulty, "what is the matter? Your uncle says that one of you has had a note from Lynncourt, and he desires to know what it is about?"

"Mrs. Gresford Lynn is dying, Aunt Lotty, and she wishes to see me," answered Doris.

"How does she know you?" gasped Aunt Lotty, who was now absolutely shaking with fear. "I don't think I dare tell your uncle, girls; he will be so angry, and you don't know what it is to make him angry. Oh, how could you, after all that has been said? Joyce, should you mind just explaining a little to him? I'm so nervous, I should not know what to say."

"I'll go," said Doris, who was now arrayed in her hat and cloak; and springing past her aunt, she hurried down to the drawing-room.

Urged on by an irresistible impulse, Joyce darted after her, whilst Aunt Lotty slowly followed in the wake. But she came no further than the last step of the wide staircase, where she sat down, quivering and shaking, and supporting herself by the bannister.

Joyce was in the room almost as soon as Doris.

Doris was holding out the note to Mr. Carmichael. He took it, read it, and then, in a cold stern tone, demanded,

"And how long have you known Mrs. Gresford Lynn?"

"We have only spoken to her three or four times," replied Doris; "her little boy fell into the water, and we helped him out."

"Very romantic," sneered Mr. Carmichael; "and so you won the everlasting gratitude of the mother? Really, if you had acquainted me with the facts, I would have applied to the Humane Society for a medal for you. I was quite unaware that I had a couple of such very heroic young ladies beneath my roof."

"That is nothing to the purpose now," returned Doris, unflinchingly; "Mrs. Gresford Lynn is dying."

Joyce was surprised at Doris's boldness, though she knew that she had plenty of spirit if she chose to exert it.

"Dying, is she? Dying to-night! Ha, I am sorry to hear that. I hoped she would have lasted a little longer."

Why should Mr. Carmichael wish so? Joyce looked at him in wonder, and Doris repeated, "Mrs. Lynn is dying."

"Well, so you said before."

"And I am going to see her."

"Hum!" said Mr. Carmichael. "Not without my permission, I suppose?"

"With or without," returned Doris, defiantly, as she stood before him.

"You have decided that I shall not give permission?"

"I have."

"Upon what grounds?"

"I supposed you would not."

"Very womanlike—coming to a conclusion without a reason."

"I knew you disliked Mr. Gresford Lynn."

"Is Mr. Lynn Mrs. Lynn?"

"No."

"Your reasoning, then, was unreasonable. At any rate, you might have given me the chance of refusing to let you go, since it appears it would have made no difference one way or the other."

"I forgot," returned Doris; "I might have asked, but I was so afraid of your refusing, that I was slipping away, lest—lest—"

"You were cowardly, then."

"I am no coward, Uncle Carmichael," said Doris, proudly, "and I am going to see Mrs. Gresford Lynn."

Mr. Carmichael stepped nearer to her. He took both her hands in one of his, and with the other pushed back her hat, that he might look more keenly into her eyes.

"You have taken a strange fancy to these Gresford Lynns, Doris."

Was he not going to be angry, after all?

"Which child," he continued, "was it that you saved?"

"The elder."

"The elder one—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Carmichael, and his laughter fell discordantly on the listeners' ears. Joyce half shuddered. It sounded so unnatural, so out of place. "You would do a great deal for these Gresford Lynns, it seems, since you would brave my displeasure in their behalf. Supposing—" But here Mr. Carmichael broke off, as though he were going too far in what he was about to say.

Joyce stood wondering how all this was going to end, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Carmichael, to see if by any change of countenance she might be able to obtain a clue to what was passing in his mind. But she was baffled. She could not discover the under-current that was turning the wheel in the Gresford Lynns' favor, for it was plain to see that he intended to let Doris go.

There was a certain power in the man that interested her, despite her disbelief in his truth and honesty. That he had some scheme in hand was certain. That there had been some anxiety on his mind connected with Mr. Chester which had been relieved was also evident. But further Joyce was unable to penetrate.

By this time Aunt Lotty had crept nearer the door, which was partly ajar. She peeped cautiously through the chink, and, somewhat reassured by the aspect of affairs, she entered.

Mr. Carmichael took no notice of her, but turning to Joyce, he said,

"Put on your cloak. I wish you to go with Doris."

"Wonder upon wonders! But she obeyed, and in less than two minutes they were on their way through the garden.

It was a moonlight night, and Doris proposed rowing down the river.

But Mr. Carmichael stopped them.

"Such a thing was not to be thought of."

Then how were they to go?

Sarah came running after them.

"Mr. Gresford Lynn had sent his carriage. It was waiting at the turn of the lane."

So Joyce and Doris retraced their steps, and Mr. Carmichael accompanied them to the gate, where he watched until they had reached Mr. Lynn's carriage.

They sprang in, the door was shut, and they were driving in the moonlight to Lynncourt. Not a word was spoken.

They were going to see Mrs. Gresford Lynn once more. And she was dying.

CHAPTER XII.

The moon was shining clear, the stars looked down with gleaming, joy-bright eyes upon the earth. The frosty air had no chill feeling about it, but an invigorating crispness. It was a splendid night. Nature was in one of her best moods, and seemed to be making the dying days of autumn forestall the glories of the winter-king. There was no sorrow typified in the outer world, no gloom, no weeping clouds, no sighing, moaning wind, but all was calm, and bright, and beautiful.

The fires were blazing brightly at Lynncourt, the lights were burning, the well-appointed servants moved quietly about the house, the two boys, rosy and happy, were sleeping in their little beds; there was no shade of sorrow on their flushed faces, for how did they know what the morrow should bring forth?

Yet to one being in that house, the splendor of the night without, the light and comfort of the house within, only made darker and more desolate the hours that were closing in around him.

A sleeper, white and almost motionless as marble, slept calmly, peacefully; so peacefully that, at times, her husband bent down to hear if she still breathed.

A sound of carriage-wheels drew near, and at the sound the sleeper's eyes unclosed, and she looked up into the face that was watching her, and her lips moved.

Mr. Lynn stooped down to hear the words, "Has she come?"

He left the room to see what success his note might have had. And he met Joyce and Doris in the hall.

Doris was a little in advance, and he thanked her warmly for coming.

Then his eye fell upon Joyce, who was a few steps behind. He started visibly, and looked as if he scarcely knew her; and for the first time it occurred to her that she was an intruder, and had not been included in the invitation.

"Pardon me, Miss Dormer, but my wife's room is darkened, and my eyes were dazzled by the light, so that I did not see you at first."

And he shook her cordially by the hand still curiously scanning her.

She had taken off her hat in the carriage, and her hair, which had been hastily twisted up, and fallen down and now hung over one shoulder. Excitement had taken away all color from her cheek, but had given additional lustre to her eyes.

"My wife has been asking for you," said Mr. Lynn to Doris.

But Doris could not answer.

"She suffers no pain, for which I am very thankful," continued Mr. Lynn, in a subdued voice; "but there is no hope. She has no friends here, no relative to tend her, with womanly care. Will you stay with her, till—till—" he could proceed no further.

But Doris understood, although she could not trust herself to speak, and nervously grasped his hand.

He led the way upstairs and Doris followed, but Joyce drew back; she felt that she was not wanted; and seeing an open door that led into the dining-room, she entered and seated herself by the fire.

She half-reproached herself for having come, and yet what else could she have done? It was plain that Mr. Carmichael would not allow Doris to leave the house without her.

The time wore on, and still she sat by the fire. A servant came in to replenish it, and then she was left alone again, and not a soul came near her.

Eleven! Twelve! One!

She had been sitting there more than three hours. All was still. Not a sound was heard throughout the house. The silence became oppressive. She seemed so far away and so forgotten. No one cared for her as they did for Doris. It was terribly lonely; the servants had evidently gone to bed, and there was no one downstairs but herself.

Again she listened; she could hear the quick throb of her heart, but nothing else. Beat, beat, beat, as if it would wear itself out. It was too monotonous; she must hear some other sound.

She rose, opened the door, and listened. There was a timepiece ticking on a side-table, telling the moments, meting out the seconds that the dying woman had to live. When would the night be over!

Besides the clicking of the clock, all was still, and the great hall lamp burned brightly in the silence like a glaring sun shining upon a dead world.

She closed the door again, made up the fire, and drew her chair nearer to it, for the night was growing cold.

Two! Three!

She started up. Had she been asleep? She was conscious of some one being in the room now, and opening her eyes, she saw Mr. Lynn standing by the mantelpiece, contemplating her curiously, as though his thoughts were wandering far away from the present.

"I have awaked you by coming into the room," said he.

"I hope—" began Joyce, and then she paused, not knowing how to inquire after the dying wife.

"My poor wife is sleeping. It was a comfort to her to see your cousin."

"She seemed to take a fancy to Doris the first time she saw her," said Joyce.

"Yes," returned Mr. Lynn, dreamily gazing at Joyce; "everybody must."

"Can I do anything?"

"No, Miss Dormer. Yes," he added, as if a sudden idea had struck him. "I should like you to take your cousin's place if only for awhile."

"Doris is not my cousin."

"But her name is Carmichael."

"Yes, but I am Mrs. Carmichael's niece. I am not related to Mr. Carmichael."

"Strange," he muttered, "strange."

Joyce looked at him in surprise.

"I beg your pardon; I was dreaming," said he.

Mrs. Lynn's bedroom was but dimly lighted, and Joyce could scarcely for a few moments see anything distinctly.

Then a cloud seemed to roll away, and she distinguished Mrs. Lynn's colorless face on the pillow, one wasted hand was lying listlessly on the coverlid, and the other was clasped in Doris's, who was half lying in an enormous chair at the side of the bed.

Mrs. Lynn was evidently sleeping, and Doris had her eyes half-closed.

Joyce moved softly to her side.

"Let me take your place for a short time, Doris, and go and take a little rest."

"I am not tired," answered Doris.

"You must be," said Mr. Lynn; "Miss Dormer will watch, and when Mrs. Lynn awakes, you shall be sent for."

But Mrs. Lynn's fingers clung so tightly to Doris's that they feared to awake her by unclasping them, and Doris nestled down again into the corner of her chair.

"Sleep there, then," said Mr. Lynn, "and Miss Dormer and I will watch."

And Doris closed her eyes, and tired with the long night watch, was soon at rest.

Mr. Lynn paced the room softly; he was too much agitated to remain perfectly quiet, though he kept his emotion under tolerable control. Sometimes he paused and gazed from his wife to Joyce, and then back again, as though some link connected them in his mind—and yet the two were quite unlike.

The night wore on, and morning drew near; yet was there no perceptible difference in the light; it was six o'clock, but there was still a thick gray veil over the face of the earth. When the sun rose he would have to struggle through a dense mass of clouds. But at length a faint streak of sunlight stole through a crevice in the window.

Morning had come!

And Mr. Lynn and Joyce still watched, and feared to stir lest they should wake the quiet sleepers.

Joyce sat facing Doris, whilst Mr. Lynn had at last thrown himself upon a couch on the opposite side of the room.

Morning had come!

But not to both the sleepers. For one the sun should never rise again, there would be no more morn and no more night. She had slept her last sleep, a sleep from which there is no awaking upon earth.

Joyce could see more plainly now, for the sun's rays were beginning to exercise an influence even through the closed blinds; a streak of light would pierce here and there, and one fell upon Mrs. Lynn's face.

Why did Joyce start so?

The face was scarce whiter than it always was.

But there was a look upon it that Joyce had seen before.

She softly stepped to Doris.

"Doris, wake up!"

"Hush!" she whispered, as Doris was about to give a cry, "hush!"

Gently she unclasped the cold dead fingers from the warm living ones, and tenderly laid the poor dead hand upon the bed.

Gently she placed her hand upon the husband's shoulder as she whispered,—

"She has slept her last sleep."

And he, roused from his fitful slumber, wildly gazed at her.

"Oh, God! both dead!"

Then she drew the weeping Doris from the room, and left the husband alone with his dead wife.

So the night was over, and morning had come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Spring Styles of Dresses and Bonnets.

The gored dress, so long in fashion, will be the prevailing style for the coming season. It is made plain at the top, or with plaits at the back, according to taste. For the house the skirt is very wide at the bottom, with a long train. For receptions this skirt is very suitable.

In street dresses there is a decided and apparently popular change. The short dresses, with petticoat to match, are a great improvement upon the looped-up dresses, with trains which would sometimes escape from the best of loopers to sweep the streets. These short dresses require a sacque or jacket to be worn with them, and are generally made *en suite*. Shawls cannot be worn with them; they have too heavy a look, and are not graceful with the new short dress.

The interesting event of last week, in New York, was the opening of dress patterns by the fashionable houses. Besides these, there were patterns of mantillas, sacques, &c., and for children's clothing a great variety of styles. The coat sleeve is still to some extent a favorite, but gradually the flowing sleeve is gaining popularity, and no doubt will have many admirers before the summer is over. Some of the designs for these sleeves are very pretty and novel. One is a half-flowing sleeve over a coat sleeve, or a coat sleeve open on the outside and laced, with the loose flowing sleeve falling gracefully over the elbow.

There are several different styles of the peplum basque, each having something in its favor. A short loose sacque, a trifle shorter at the sides than the back and front, and beautifully trimmed, is very attractive.

The short dresses for the street are made plain at the top, or with plaits at the back, both of which are fashionable. The skirt is usually cut with points around the bottom, and is worn over a plaited petticoat of the same material—but the petticoat is now often made plain, and when trimmed with graduated bands of velvet is very pretty, and many prefer it to the plaited. Everything in the way of dress is elaborately trimmed.

The styles in children's dress are various, as usual. Lithographic prints of pretty faces, in a frame work of golden curls, are attached to figures to represent children from two to three years up to ten years. The figures are dressed in the latest mode, even to the dainty garter.

The spring style in bonnets have not yet been brought out, except at the opening of the importers, when the milliners gathered up all the novelties and ordered them home immediately, where they will be hidden until the general opening day. Some change has taken place in shapes, but it is not so great as many predicted in early winter. When the small bonnets of the past year made their appearance, the universal belief was that they would not be worn more than a season. But they have survived the winter, and the ladies declare they are almost as much in love with them as ever. Especially when they remember the "coal-scuttle" or "sky-scraper," or the Quaker-like bonnet that hides the "little face divine." The fact that large bonnets would conceal much beautiful hair, natural or artificial, that now adorns the heads of the ladies, will effectually keep them at their distance.

☞ TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN.—

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep.
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet of late I often sigh,
"I'm growing old."

☞ A watch, without hands, that shows on its face no figures but those which tell the hour and minute looked for, has recently been patented, in London, by a Mr. P. Barlow. The figures are displayed as they are wanted, and no others appear on the watch face.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCOEUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

MOTION AND REST.

It is remarkable how differently bodies in motion and at rest affect our minds. A quiet landscape, however beautiful, soon becomes tame and uninteresting to eyes forced daily to gaze upon the same unvarying fields and trees, hills and vales. But who among our readers ever found the sea-shore tame? That restless ocean, no two moments the same, dashing out its wild life upon the beach, the eye for ever finds refreshment in its endless phases.

So let but a prattling brook flow across our quiet plain, dissipating its aspect of dead rest, and the tired attention is at once excited. Its whirls and glassy curves, its mimic falls, its foaming rapids, its busy fret over the pebbles that break its surface, even the voyaging chip that shoots the rapid and dares the cataract, has each its claim upon our fancy. The mind cannot long endure rest. Whether it be darting bird or quivering aspen, tall grass running in waves before the wind, dead leaves dropping from the trees, the downward gush of snow, the quick quiver of lightning, there must be some movement to vary the monotony of the scene. There is an attraction in the gathering of a storm, much to admire in the fiery outburst of a volcano; in our cities nothing attracts like a conflagration; war, with all its fearful features, has a strange charm; motion, novelty, change, anything but stagnation, man will dare much to escape ennui.

If we cannot find objects in motion we move ourselves and thus reverse the position. One will gaze for hours from the windows of a railroad car; will wander through a museum giving but a glance at each specimen; roam with unseated eyes through the tide of being in the street. The lot of the traveller is always an enticing one. Books of travel, or biographies of active men, details of wars and of times of national activity, find always plentiful readers. The most entrancing phase of literature to the great majority of mankind is that dashing sort of novel which seldom stops to describe, never stops to think, driving on at blood heat from preface to finale in a frenzied rush, without giving the reader a moment's breathing space in the whole book.

In two works of equal ability, that fullest of action and incident will be found most to please, whatever its class of readers.

All this springs from that burning desire for motion and variety of which each of us has his share. A life full of change and action is to many the acme of enjoyment, monasticism or imprisonment the climax of misery. Even in the cradle the love of moving things is displayed. The babe enjoys its rattle. The child its top and hoop. To children of a larger growth, a quiet life soon becomes irksome; how strong the zest for dancing, sleighing, skating, anything that feeds the limbs with motion, the eyes with the elements of change.

The favorite amusement of the world has long been the theatrical performance; the constant change of scene and grouping, incessant variation of character, onward movement of plot, rapid succession of passion, sentiment, and pathos, horror heaped on horror, or jest crowding jest; all this hold an audience spell-bound by the hour where the most vivid tableau has but a momentary hold upon our attention. In pieces ending with a fixed scenic display, managers wisely drop the curtain before the attention of the audience begins to flag, certain by that means to secure an encore. Of late years however a new idea in spectacular effect has often been used with unfailing success. To the old plan of turning stars, and throned angels ascending (on visible ropes) to the realms of bliss, is added that of revolving spiral columns, the sweep of successive gauzy curtains, the slow descent upon the stage of maidens fixed somehow in the most impossible positions, the opening of great lily buds peopled by full-grown fairies, and in short every element of motion and successive change that can well be crowded into the scene. It is wonderful how powerfully this continuous variation adds to the attractiveness of the spectacle.

We are ever on the alert for something new, tiring of yesterday's excitement as quickly as we tire of yesterday's newspaper, burning to be up with or ahead of the world, tiring often of the world itself.

It is Nature's legacy to her children this love of motion, this impatience of rest, for in nature herself rest is unknown. In masses of course this will not apply, but in the atomic constituents of masses it is every day being shown more conclusively that inertia never occurs. Every ray of light, every beam of heat, every electric change, sends countless fine vibrations through the substance of the firmest solids as of the most elastic, while in the atom of all matter there is probably a principle of endless movement superior to these exterior influences, and simply affected, never destroyed by them.

☞ The Fenian rising in Ireland appears to have been suppressed. The Canadians are now considerably excited on the subject—there being rumors of another Fenian invasion.

☞ The people of Maine understand the proper way to keep infants out of places of amusement. A town in that State recently had a festival, and on its show bills the public were informed that the terms of admission were 25 cents; for children under 14 years, 15 cents; but under 4 years, $1.

☞ One of the most beautiful young ladies of Paris has just eloped with an elderly groom. Queer taste.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE INITIALS. A Love Story of Modern Life. By the BARONESS TAUTPHOEUS. Author of "Quits," "At Odds," "Cyrilla," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. A new edition of a capital book.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MADAME RECAMIER. Translated from the French and Edited by IMAPHENE M. LUYSTER. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Phila. A very interesting volume. It is embellished with an engraving of Madame Recamier, the most beautiful woman of her time.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. With 25 original Illustrations. Author's American Edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE COMBINED SPANISH METHOD. A New System of Learning the Castilian language. With a Pronouncing Vocabulary. By ALBERTO DE TORROS. A. M. Formerly Director of Normal Schools in Spain, and now Teacher of Spanish in the N. Y. Mercantile Library, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Phila.

ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND PROSE. Designed for the Use of Academies, Schools, the Home Circle, &c. By NATHANIEL K. RICHARDSON, Prof. of Elocution. Published by P. Garrett & Co., 702 Chestnut street, Phila. A very good selection.

ZAIDA'S NURSERY NOTE BOOK. For the Use of Mothers. By A. L. O. E. Published by T. Nelson & Sons, New York, and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

General Grant.

The Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* describes General Grant, as he appeared at a recent full dress ball. Grant would probably say as Napoleon once did, that he was better at making other men dance, than at dancing himself:—

"Late in the evening General Grant and his lady arrived. Ulysses was immediately assailed by a young lady, and hauled, rather than escorted, into the dancing room, where he was immediately mustered for a quadrille. He was in full dress—citizen, not military—and looked exceedingly odd to those who had never before seen him but in uniform. He seemed to me much smaller and more narrow shouldered than he had ever before appeared. It may be because of the record that is inseparable from his name that many see under his military coat so close a resemblance to the great soldiers who have lived before him. But in dressing for a party he certainly spoils a good soldier to make a very indifferent-looking beau, with whom, I take it, the ladies would be slow to fall the least in love. His fair partner pushed him through the dance with moderate success. He didn't seem to like it a bit. He was embarrassed at the call of every figure, and couldn't for his life get a fair start at right and left all round. His right hand instinctively went where the left was called for, and *vice versa*. Then again he appeared to be foolishly afraid of treading on the long dresses of the ladies. This fear, however, is not peculiar to the General. It pervades the minds of a great many gentlemen on such occasions. For my part, I unhesitatingly affirm that the most delightful sound to be heard in a ball-room is the ravishing 'r-r-r-ip' that tells of a dislocated skirt. 'Tis music in the sinner's ear' far more enchanting than can be got out of voice or instrument. What else is a long trailing silk but a standing invitation for the delicious embarrassing scene that follows a good square tramp? If gentlemen won't take the hint its because they are too dull; but surely the ladies wouldn't wear such streaming costumes if they didn't want them torn occasionally."

False Hair.

There is consternation among the wearers of false hair in Europe. A Russian professor, M. Lindemann, has observed that 76 per cent. of the false hair used for *chignons* (waterfalls) and similar purposes in Russia is infested with a parasite. Gregarinous hair, it is said, is very like other hair in appearance, but on close inspection little dark brown knots are seen at the free end of the hair, and may even be distinguished by the naked eye. These are gregarines. They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying, and even of boiling. Acids, alkalies, ether, and other agents would kill them; but these would be injurious to the hair, and so cannot be used. According to M. Lindemann, in a ballroom the gregarines "revive, grow, and multiply by dividing into many parts; these fly about the ballroom in millions, get inhaled, drop on the refreshments—in fact, enter the interior of people by hundreds of ways, and thus reach their specific gregarian development." We do not answer for the truth of all this natural history; but when the natural history of *chignons* themselves is considered, it may well be all true. In Russia the hair of them is generally supplied by the peasant women of the Mordwines and the Burlakes, near the Volga, who do a large trade in it. "When the Burlake goes out to work in the spring, he perhaps puts a clean shirt on, but he decidedly never takes it off until he returns home in autumn." So says M. Lindemann, and he argues here is a fine chance for parasites. We must leave the subject with ladies and naturalists, but beg them to be careful *whose* false hair they wear.

The sale of false hair, especially waterfalls, in New York, has been very much affected by these statements.

DESTROY CATERPILLAR EGGS NOW.—The Maine Farmer says that during this month the eggs of the apple-tree caterpillar—which may be found encircling the ends of the small twigs of the trees—can be much more easily and completely destroyed than they can at any other time of the year. They can be readily seen, and by choosing a warm day for the operation, with a light ladder upon which to ascend the tree, and a small basket in which to put the twigs containing the nests, the work can be performed most satisfactorily.

SUFFRAGE IN NEW JERSEY.—A few days ago a report was presented to the New Jersey Legislature in favor of striking the words "white" and "male" out of the state constitution, so as to extend the right of voting to both women and negroes. In the Assembly a vote was taken on this report on Wednesday, and the proposed changes were rejected.

☞ The Russian false hair has already caused several horrible deaths in England. The sufferer is literally eaten up alive by the insects, which belong to the Egyptian plague species.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

SHORT CUTS—ROUGH RIDING—GOING TO WATER—AN ALARM—SURROUNDED—A ROGUE'S RUSE—WOMAN'S WIT—SHIEKO'S VENGEANCE—BLOODLESS VICTORY.

We had heard such accounts of an Eden valley in which fruits of both the temperate and torrid zones and of native and foreign origin grew in greater profusion and perfection than elsewhere in Peru, that curiosity and a love of nature's luxuries tempted us towards the unknown Peruvian Paradise. So, at some seven leagues from *el Lagoa de la Plata*, we left the route leading directly to Tambobamba, bending obliquely to the northward by a rather rough ride of about five leagues over some sharp spurs and three or four narrow gorges, difficult enough to trained mules, decidedly dangerous to us, sure-footed and well educated as our horses were to such contingencies of travel.

Close reins, quick eyes and continual caution, however, carried us through without accident, and just as the sun was smiling serenely his golden good night upon the bare crests of the upper sierras we passed the last barrier, and turning abrupily to the left, came all at once upon a scene that in its varied features seemed rather an exquisitely painted picture than a real landscape view. Partially prepared as we had been by descriptions of the famous fruit garden of Peru, we were nevertheless very greatly surprised. Comparatively little of its attractive beauties had been told us, so that the first view, coming all at once so suddenly as it did upon us, brought our entire party to a halt and drew exclamations of unqualified admiration from many lips.

Behind us and close to our backs lay the rocky, broken range of sierras which we had just traversed, their crests cutting clean and sharply defined against the clear blue sky. Before us lay a gracefully undulating valley, some four leagues in length by two in breadth, sweeping gently downwards to its centre, and then rising again as gradually, until its farther edge met the base of another range of lesser sierras beyond. From our position, having so little of daylight left us, we could only make the general observation that the magnificent little valley-world was one of fruitful beauty—a scene at once picturesque and enchanting.

In the foreground of the picture were groups and groves of fruit and nut-bearing trees, conspicuous among which were those of the fig, with their luscious purple fruit and broad leaves of silvery green, the graceful plantain and banana, showing above their sweeping plumes great cones of fruit—the arrowy shafts of the pretty *Dechuca*, its light feathery branches bending with burdens of rich brown nuts—cherry trees, ruby with ripened riches, tamarinds, olives and almonds in such profuse bearing that the wonder was how they could possibly sustain such excessive burdens. Mingling among these were peach trees of luxuriant growth, bearing superb fruit, white, crimson cheeked and golden, and orange trees bearing so bountifully that in many instances their compact rounden heads appeared a solid mass of golden globes and bright green foliage.

Through vistas in the irregularly arranged groups and groves appeared the white walls and red tiled roofs of rural homes, while along the bottom of the lovely valley we caught glimpses of a beautiful little Andean river that wound its way like a bright band of liquid silver through the scene of sylvan enchantment.

When we had given to admiration half the time from the sun's setting to dark, always a brief period within the tropics, we began to remember that we were strangers among entire strangers, and that considering the political complexion of the times, it would be quite proper and certainly prudent to present ourselves to the ruling powers locally, provided such officials were to be found, introduce ourselves and explain the object of our visit, before it should become quite dark. To this end, and that we might not induce unpleasant consequences by an unannounced advent of our entire cavalcade, a committee, composed of Colonel Esling, Dr. Bond, O'Harra, Edith, our fair Neapolitan, Dona Minnie and myself, were detailed to ride forward, find out if we could the rulers of the realm, make known the presence of our party, explain the object of our visit, and solicit for the night the hospitality of the inhabitants.

We were fortunate in our mission, for riding down one of the winding vistas at less than a third of the distance down the slope, we came to a wide open space of cultivated ground in which coffee, cocoa, corn, tobacco, yams, and many varieties of vegetables were growing, in the centre of which, and on our right hand, was an extensive estancia that in itself was a miniature town.

Out in front of the entrance to the main court stood, or rather lounged, in graceful negligence, his left arm resting on a sort of rude altar, overgrown with flowering vines, a tall, hale, handsome old Don, clad in a long loose frock of brown linen, white wide-legged trowsers of thin barred muslin, delicately ruffled at the ankles, and a fine Panama sombrero with an immense breadth of brim. The old Peruvian hidalgo had the most expressive, benevolent face I have ever seen, features without a wrinkle, and where they were not quite hidden by the profuse beard and moustache, white as snow, showing as fair and delicately blooming as the cheeks of a blushing senorita of sixteen. He seemed quite absorbed in some serious reverie, puffing out little thin whiffs of smoke from a paper cigarette, while his right hand rested upon the head, and dallied with the black glossy curls of a lovely Hebe who was kneeling at his feet, and busy with both hands arranging some truant flowering vine.

Without exhibiting the least surprise, or changing in the slightest degree his attitude, the old Don saluted us as we drew rein in front of him with:

"*Viva—Buenos tarde Senoras y Senores.*"

The salutation being returned, he went on:

"You are very welcome, you and your friends behind."

"Many thanks, Senor, for your proffered hospitality. But it is probable you are not aware of the width of your welcome," Col. Esling replied. "Our party is somewhat numerous, and I fear will tax your—"

"No, it will not, sir!" The old Don drew himself up with graceful dignity and smiled in a way that was really a welcome in itself as he went on: "I am advised that you are more than forty in all, besides horses, mules and dogs. No matter. If you were four times forty, I have shelter, food, comfort, and a welcome for you all. Only I hope you are for—"

"*Viva Echinique!*" Edith cheered, in her silvery, musical voice, and "Viva Echinique!" we promptly echoed. Edith's intuition had prompted her correctly.

"Bravo!" cried the old Don.

"Viva Echinique!" cheered the beautiful Hebe, springing to her feet, and coming forward, said, with a sweet smile:

"You are all welcome, sisters, senors, and all your friends. Father—"

"Yes, Hespeira, my daughter; I understand you. Ladies and gentlemen, I am Pastor Antonio Carrasco, ruler, patriarch if you please, of our beautiful valley here. This is my daughter and only child, Dona Hespeira. Dismount—only one of you ride back with me and introduce me to your friends. Hespeira, daughter, lead our guests in and begin to make them welcome. We will soon join you."

Dr. Bond rode back with Don Pastor and introduced him to the remainder of our party, and within an hour our retainers and animals were comfortably provided for, and ourselves ranged around the bountiful board of our venerable host—at which the lovely Hespeira presided with a most charming grace—quite as much at home as we ever were anywhere in our lives.

On the morning after our arrival we went abroad, attended by Don Pastor and his charming daughter, whom everybody seemed to love, making the tour of the happy, fruitful valley, and everywhere as we went the acquaintance of the inhabitants, who were all social, hospitable and happy, mostly of Catalan or Andalusian descent, making a select society of a far higher order of civilization than we had met with elsewhere in South America.

Though nominally Peruvian subjects, the inhabitants of the valley of Valverde are as little subject to its code of laws as are the people of Australia to those of England. The entire population, numbering some seven hundred souls, considered Don Pastor as their secular director, and his advice in all matters their government *de facto*. They had heard of political Peruvian squabbles, and were well enough aware that a revolutionary contest for the Presidency was going on between Santa Cruz and Echinique. But little did they know or care which party had the right in the struggle or who should win, beyond a personal good-will in favor of Echinique, who had once resided some four years among them, and had then a brother and daughter, both married and living in the valley. So socially they favored their ex-citizen, but politically they cared for no one or thing beyond the barriers of their valley world.

The visit that we had intended to have been one of twenty-four hours, was lengthened into five days by the importunities of our new friends and the continual temptations of their delicious fruits, and when we finally rode out of the lovely valley on our road towards Tambobamba, it was with more regrets and lingering looks behind, than had ever been manifested before upon any occasion.

We had gone to saddle at sunrise, and the time up to three o'clock P. M., had been consumed in a rough, rugged ride over two spurs of sierras and along a tedious, difficult pass, which contrary to the advice of our valley friends we had chosen as the shortest cut, a cross to our high road to Tambobamba, but which in our experience was after all the longest road, counting all the ups and downs and time consumed. To have ridden round by regular route would have occupied us five hours perhaps at an easy trot, while in making the "cut" we had consumed nine, besides literally knocking up our animals for the day at least, and fatiguing ourselves five times more than a fifteen hours' stretch on a tolerably fair road would have done.

So at about three o'clock P. M., as I have said, we came into the main road just where it began to wind down by a gentle descent into a little valley almost as beautiful, and quite as thickly set with all varieties of fruit and nut-bearing trees as that of Valverde; but uninhabited so far as we could discover. We had passed no streams of water in our tedious ride, the water in our canteens was warm and insipid, that which sparkled before us in a dozen rivulets checkering the bottom of the valley in all directions, presented temptations to humanity and brutes that mastered all moderation, and down we went helter skelter as fast as our eager horses could carry us towards the inviting water, scattering widely as we went down, like a herd of harried bison, so that coming to sudden halts as our horses reached the various streams in different directions, we were in literal "open order," there being in few instances more than one member of our party in a place, or within available supporting distance of each other in case of any emergency that should require such support.

The exceptions to the rule of general dispersion was with Harry Marsden, Edith Bond, Senora Monteiro, our Italian prima donna, Arthur Esling, Shieko, our black major domo, the Swedish Bug-hunter, and myself. We had, as it chanced, drawn rein and gone down to drink with our horses at the same stream, scattered along within call of each other, while all the others were out of sight, hidden by intervening clumps of peach and almond trees, or perhaps groves of oranges and bananas that skirted the streams in all directions. So far as we know or cared they might be out of hearing as well as sight. It was a matter of small moment just then. We were going to dine and camp, and pass the night in the valley. That had been determined already. But first we were going to slake our thirst; then for a feast of delicious ripe fruits that were hanging in tempting profusion all about us. There had been no pre-understanding upon that point; but individually each had determined upon a long, liberal drink, and then a fruit dessert before dinner. Something occurred however that interfered with our inverted order of dining, and almost induced an adventure.

Edith Bond, who had gone to the stream some four hundred yards below us all, had just remounted, when Arthur Esling and myself, who happened to be close together, and at the moment both looking at Edith, saw her suddenly snatch her small silver bugle and blow the "assemble," which with several other signals every member of our party was familiar with, and each one could blow perfectly. The manner in which Edith blew the signal, however, had so much of unusual energy and *hurry up* in it, that it hurried all the members of our division to horse, and in ten seconds we went dashing down to ascertain the cause of Edith's sudden call. We had it plainly enough without a word of explanation ——.

At the moment we drew rein close about our fair Baltimorean, a dozen horsemen came at a dashing gallop into view, wheeling in close platoon around a dense grove of almond trees not thirty yards distant. Closely following the head of the column came another squad, and then another—until we had in front, flanks and rear more than forty fierce, ferocious looking fellows, armed with carbine and cutlass. Their chief, a great, burly giant reined in his horse within two yards of Arthur Esling, and bawled out like the roar of a bull buffalo:

"*Viva Echinique!*"

"*Viva* ——" had passed Arthur's lips; but the responsive "Echinique" was cut short by a back handed slat of Senora Monterio's folded lasso, which not only knocked the incipient *Echinique* into an unmusical *Eh i que diaso!* but actually damaged Esling's handsome face to the extent of a black eye, bloody nose and a cut lip.

"*Viva Santa Cruz!*" Senora Monteiro cheered with all her might as she deals Esling the back-handed blow.

"*Bueno—Amigos!*" roared the giant. Then he began to say:—"You are welcome;" but Shieko cut him short as suddenly as Senora Monteiro had done Esling; and with the same instrument—only the African's lasso fell singly—*viz*—the noose fairly about the man's neck, and before any one of either party could interfere, our Mene major domo had Goliath dragged from the saddle to the ground, writhing and strangling in the close embrace of the supple thong.

Hastily the Spaniards unslung carbines—in a wink our revolvers were in hand—defiantly Harry Marsden shouted:—"*Viva Echinique!*" Here Adolph blew the "charge" vigorously, and there would have been lives lost, but for prompt interference. Down at a rapid gallop came a dozen of our party, Dr. Bond leading, all with revolvers and rifles ready for instant service, the remainder of the troop following close at hand, and numerically we were a match for the Spaniards—by our superior equipment four times superiors.

Col. Esling leaped to the ground, cut Shieko's thong with his knife and spurning the half strangled giant with his foot, called him thief, renegade, and robber. He had recognized him as a vile adventurer and social out-law, partisan of the Santa Cruz faction. Shieko had recognized him as a Brazilian rascal—one Joaquim Joa Braza, at whose hands he had once in Brazil received some cruel indignity. Senora Monteiro had also recognized the renegade rascal, and her quick wit had detected his ruse to entrap us by inviting by his example a hurrah for Echinique, thus affording him a pretext for plunder, and perhaps murder.

Completely cowed by equal numbers and our superior equipments, the vagabonds were humble enough, begging like cowards, as they were, that we would spare their lives. Col. Esling bade the half strangled, bewildered chief get to saddle and go, and if within ten minutes one of his outlaws remained within range of our rifles the consequence might be uncomfortable. It was sufficient—within five minutes we had the valley all to ourselves, and went into camp, and preparations for dinner, assured that we should not again be molested by that party of Santa Crucian vagabonds.

Mahomet.

Mahomet was a little above the middle height, strongly cut, sparely made, with broad shoulders and a slight stoop; his hair was black, and in the prime of life clustered over his ears; his moustache and beard were also black, the latter abundant and reaching some way down his chest; his forehead was large, with a vein on it which swelled when he was angry; his complexion was fair for an Arab; his eyes were large, black and piercing, bloodshot and restless; his teeth were white and well formed, but stood apart; his walk was so rapid that people had to run to keep up with him, and his gait is described as being like that of a man striding down hill.

He was simple in his apparel; he never wore silk but once in his life, and then threw it aside in disgust, saying it was not fit for man. His general attire was white and red striped cotton; like all Arabs, he had no taste for comfort, and the luxurious refinements of artificial life were not known to him, or would have been despised had they become so; a bed of palm tree fibres, a low hut of burnt tiling with a palm tree roof, would have been by him preferred to a palace. Still he was in some things of extremely delicate and sensitive taste, as in the use of perfumes and in his distaste of unpleasant odors.

At Medina he once sent back a dish of mutton to the sender untouched, because it was flavored with onions, saying that they were disagreeable to the angel who visited him. He never travelled without tooth-picks, and antimony for the eyes; he was a good listener in conversation, and never, in shaking hands, was the first to withdraw his own; he was not addicted to any of the games or sports of which the Arabs were so passionately fond, and was in all things most unlike the heroic ideal of Arab character.

☞ A man in Jackson, Miss., gave his intended bride money to buy her bridal outfit, and the following morning she married his brother.

☞ We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so. Might not one imagine that superior beings do the same by us, and for exactly the same reason?

☞ It is said that sands which are used as a filter for the purification of water, are effective only when they contain the black oxyde of iron or magnetic carbide.

☞ A Mississippi negro worked on shares. When asked the amount of his profits, he said: "Nuffin. I worked for the seventh, and de boss only made a fifth, darfor I got nuffin."

☞ Tell not a man permanently sick that he will again be a *picture* of health, when you see he hasn't the *frame* for it.

☞ The Louisiana Legislature has a bill before it to license gambling-houses at $10,000 per annum. The curious feature of the bill is the provision that requires each gambling-room to be on the ground-floor, fronting on a public thoroughfare, with one or more large windows to the room, so that the passers-by may see all that is going on in the room where the gambling is done. It is claimed that in this way the gambling room will be open to the inspection of the police at all hours—to merchants, bankers, and others who have clerks, to fathers who have sons, and to wives also.

☞ The Chicago Republican tells of a man in that city who confesses that he admired Ristori. His wife also admired her, and showed it by making him pay for a new bonnet and opera cloak. "In other words," he says, "I admire Ristori to the extent of $150. Had I been single, I should have admired her to the extent of $1.50."

Smothering a Child to Death.

The Detroit *Union* furnishes the details of a most heart-rending case of hydrophobia in that vicinity. A short time since a daughter of Alfred Woodruff, who resides in the town of Greenfield, about seven miles from the city, was slightly bitten by a dog, and for a day or two complained of the pain caused simply by the bite. The sore partially healed over, however, and no more attention was paid to the matter. In a short time, however, the virus which had been communicated by the dog to her system commenced its deadly work, and the poor suffering child soon became raving mad. Her cries were heart-rending, and her appeals for death, for anything to end her torture, frightful.

Everything that science and skill could do, was done for the little one, but there she lay upon her bed of anguish, bound with cords, suffering what no human pen can describe, yet evincing in her madness a desire to injure even those who loved her best. Her sufferings were too much for human forbearance, her agony too great to allow even her fond parents to witness it, and the question arose, how shall this be ended? After a long and painful consultation, the conclusion was arrived at that the best and most humane course to pursue was to put an end to the poor sufferer's life. Who can picture the feelings of the dear little one's friends as the announcement was made that she must die? Who can imagine the rejoicing of the soul of the poor one, as it was released from a worn and tortured body? The only effectual and easiest means of ending her trials was decided to be suffocation, and while she was in one of her worst paroxysms, she was seized and smothered to death. Though to some this may seem harsh and cruel, yet in our estimation (says the *Union*) it was a far better course than to allow the little one to live in pain, anguish and agony for a few short hours, suffering even the pains and anguish of untold hells, and at last die in misery.

The Russian Despotism.

La France, announcing that the King of Denmark is repairing the Rundetoarn or Round Tower of Copenhagen, recalls one of the legends attached to this, one of the oldest edifices in Denmark. At the beginning of the eighteenth century it was visited by Peter the Great, in company with the King of Denmark, Frederick the Fourth. The two sovereigns, having arrived at the summit of the tower, were gazing on the magnificent panorama before them, Peter, meanwhile, explaining to Frederick his political system:

"Would you like to have," he exclaimed, "an idea of the power of my authority?"

And without waiting for Frederick's answer, the founder of the Russian monarchy nodded to a Cossack of his suite, and pointed with his finger to the abyss which yawned at their feet.

"Jump!" said he.

The Cossack looked at the Czar, saluted him, and, without hesitation, cast himself headlong downwards.

"There! what do you think of that?" said Peter, turning to the King of Denmark. "Have you such subjects?"

"Thank God, *no!*" was the reply.

☞ In order to get an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms.

☞ In the burlesque of Mugby Junction occurs a conundrum which any bright girl can get off to the discomfiture of any conceited spooney. "Why, sir, are you like an opera glass?" Because I can draw you out, see through you and shut you up."

☞ At a recent town meeting in Nantucket, there were present three hundred and seventy-five people over seventy years of age, seventy-five who were over eighty, and nine who had numbered over ninety years.

☞ The Jesuits proclaim that they are constantly increasing in number.

☞ The Lancaster election commission in England finds that of 1,339 persons who voted at the last election, excluding about 20 since dead, 932, or more than two-thirds, were bribed in sums varying from £2 to £24.

☞ The Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company announces a semi-annual dividend of 7½ per cent., payable after the 14th inst. Poor Insurance men! only *fifteen* per cent. a year—they must put up the rates. Why, they are used to getting 25 to 50 per cent.

☞ A little girl has died at Albany, N. Y., from eating green-colored candy.

☞ Nevada has a gold mine not less than nine hundred feet deep.

☞ THE PLEASURE OF GIVING.—I am rich enough, and can afford to give away £100 a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little for truth. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was wanting a friend above ground.—*Pope to Swift.*

☞ The Vevay (Ind.) Reveille reports that while C. B. Lansorm was crossing a creek, during the late freeze, the ice broke and he fell into the water. He dived under the ice about eighteen feet toward shore, where the water was about two feet deep, when by placing himself on his hands and feet, he pushed his back against the ice, breaking it, coming out safe and sound.

☞ A disagreeable fellow asked a gentleman to show his house, but the latter showed him only the door.

☞ The most advanced suffrage yet advocated in America, we believe, is that favored by Theodore Tilton, (of The Independent,) who is said to have announced himself in favor of suffrage without regard to age, sex or color.

☞ SHEEP.—Several sheep belonging to Charles E. Crane, of Bridgeport, died recently from eating too much salt after having been a long time without it. The symptoms were excessive shivering and difficult breathing, and death resulted in about thirty-six hours.

☞ A man dying in Toledo, left his wife half his estate during her widowhood; the other half to go to her when she married again. The question is raised, did he do it out of love or enmity to his fellow men. Not knowing his wife, cannot say.

☞ A correspondent of the Anti-Slavery Standard, advocates the "abolition of the Regular Army, the Supreme Court, and the U. S. Senate." He wants "a pure Representative Democracy." He says:—"Slavery is gone, class-rule is going; let the bugle sound the charge for a grand assault on the three organized oligarchies that remain!" This gentleman is very properly named "Redpath."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

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Dangerous Toys.

The fume from "Pharaoh's serpents" contains mercurial vapor sufficient to salivate and injure those who breathe it. Unfortunately, too, being covered by tinfoil, they resemble bits of chocolate, and are apt to be swallowed at the risk of life. The newest sensation toy is named "Devil's tears," and is composed of a little oval cotton capsule, open at one end, and covered by a layer of varnish, resembling closely red sweetmeats or the berries of the hawthorn; indeed, out of five children who were asked, on specimens being showed them, what they were, three declared they were sweets, and two berries. These "Devil's tears" contain in the centre a little piece of the metal potassium, which inflames when brought in contact with water. There are several imitations made on the same principle, called "Juno's tears," "Witches' tears," and so on, all of which, when thrown into water, burn and explode, scattering little red-hot fragments in all directions, so that children who play with them run great danger of burns and other injury. Should one of these balls be swallowed—and they are and will be plentifully distributed, no doubt, at this season amongst our little ones—the consequence would be almost assuredly fatal. We utterly condemn their use, and hope that the public will be made fully acquainted with their nature.—*London Lancet.*

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT, after a long discussion, has passed the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature by a vote of 120 to 20. The negative votes were extreme Republicans, including the colored member of the House, who made a long speech in opposition to the amendment.

A FAMOUS judge came late to court
One day in busy season;
Whereat his clerk, in great surprise,
Inquired of him the reason.
"A child was born," his honor said,
"And I'm the happy sire."
"An infant judge?" "Oh, no," said he,
"As yet he's but a crier."

☞ There was to have been a brilliant wedding in New Orleans the other night. The bride came, but after waiting an hour, it was found that the bridegroom had decamped with a diamond cross worth $2,500, which he had borrowed of his bride. Being afterwards arrested, confronted with his victim, convicted upon her evidence, and put into prison, he tried to hang himself with his handkerchief, declaring that he did not wish to live any longer.

☞ A blue tulip, for which vast sums were offered during the tulipomania of a century ago, has been produced by a French gardener, and will be on exhibition at the Paris Exposition.

☞ A number of kind-hearted Cincinnati women have organized a benevolent society for their own sex. The object is to procure employment at a reasonable rate for such as are worthy. An excellent idea.

☞ A couple of "limbs of the law," who were conducting a suit before a Justice in Rochester, got incensed at one another, and finally came to blows. The Court sat and looked coolly on, until the fracas was over. Then the combatants apologized for disturbing his honor; but the Justice, wiping his specs, coolly declared he hadn't been disturbed in the least—he rather liked it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

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The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

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NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

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☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

The Hermit of Grub Street.

A strange instance of abandonment of the world for a solitary life is given in the history of Henry Welby, the Hermit of Grub street, who died in 1686, at the age of 84. This example affords an eccentric illustration of one of those phases of human nature out of which the anchoretic life has sprung. When 40 years old, Welby was assailed, in a moment of anger, by a younger brother with a loaded pistol. It flashed in the pan. "Thinking of the danger he had escaped, he fell into many deep considerations, on the which he grounded an irrevocable resolution to live alone." He had wealth and position, and was of a social temper; but the shock he had undergone made him distrustful and meditative, not malignant nor wretched, and engendered in him a purpose of surprising tenacity. He had three chambers, one within another, prepared for his solitude; the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, the third for his study. While his food was set on the table by one of his servants he retired into his sleeping-room; and while his bed was making, into his study; and so on, until all was clear. "There he set up his rest, and, in forty-four years, never upon any occasion issued out of those chambers till he was borne thence upon men's shoulders. Neither, in all that time, did any human being—save, on some rare necessity, his ancient maid-servant—look upon his face." Supplied with the best new books in various languages, he devoted himself unto prayers and reading. He inquired out objects of charity and sent them relief. He would spy from his chamber, by a private prospect into the street, any sick, lame or weak passing by, and send comforts and money to them. "His hair, by reason no barber came near him for the space of so many years, was so much overgrown at the time of his death, that he appeared rather like an eremite of the wilderness than inhabitant of a city." The hermit-crab clings not more obstinately to his rock in the sunless corner of some ocean dell than this crabbed hermit clung to his seclusion in the roaring centre of London. Yet he hardly deserves to be called crabbed; since, timidly distrusting men, not hating them, he seems to have kept his goodness alive by holy thoughts and kind acts.—*From Alger's Genius of "Solitude."*

☞ There is doubtless more wearing apparel in Jeffersonville, Indiana, than any city of its size in the world. The United States Quartermaster's depot located there is certainly a huge concern. There is stored within its various warehouses over forty million dollars' worth of clothing alone. The military clothing and other stores collected here, together reach a value extending, perhaps, beyond sixty million dollars. It is all in charge of Col. Batchelor, and the care of it furnishes employment for clerks, mechanics, firemen and laborers to the number of one hundred and thirty-nine men.

☞ A Connecticut farmer's wife, who was noted for a keen eye to the financials, on being told by her husband, as he came home from church meeting, that he had been elected deacon, eagerly inquired: "But how much money will you get by it?"

☞ When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

SOLITAIRE!

Alone, alone, I sit in my room,
And shuffle, and cut, and deal,
Sipping my wine till its rich maroon
Aflame in my cheeks I feel.
Only a face like mine in the glass,
That glares at mine through the smoke,
That smiles at me, and bows as I pass,
Enjoying the silent joke.
The ashes fall from my spent cigar,
And, half-asleep in my chair,
I shuffle and think what fools we are
Who learn to play *solitaire!*

I sigh for a lip to touch the glass,
And sip its nectar with mine,
The thrill of a voice and sound of a kiss
To mingle them with my wine.
I'd play a game in the olden time,
When hearts were trumps with me;
A man and woman, he in his prime,
Bending to her his knee—
It matters not what she said to him,
Nor the game she played him there,
Nor why he sits in the midnight grim
With his wine and *solitaire!*

Was she dark or fair?—Blue eyes, brown hair,
We'll call her of hearts the queen;
I'll play it so, but fortune, I'll swear,
Will make the diamonds win!
I see her sometimes, her arm in his,
A sickly smile on her face,
And think if ever she thrills at a kiss
Or dreams of me in his place;
A tear rolls down my beard in the wine,
A child sings low on the stair;
"Father!" it calls—pshaw, the name's not mine,
Play on at thy *solitaire!*

The steeple-chimes ring the midnight hour,
The fire in the grate burns low;
The wine's so flat, and tasteless, and sour,
And I know what makes it so.
It was not good in Eden alone
For Adam's bachelorhood;
If they can rob my ribs of a bone,
I wish to heaven they would!
My anxious heart has grown desolate,
Oh, ye unpitying fair!
For your gracious smiles must I longer wait?
I'm weary of *solitaire!*

Blown Up for Nothing.

An erudite German, with whom I and three other ex-school-boys were living in order to receive our last coat of educational paint, was away in England pupil-gleaning during the mid-summer vacation. Meanwhile, we developed the resources of the "green Neckar," which rippled Rhinewards just under our windows, and cooled that sunwarmed lizards' home, the garden-wall. Boating, bathing, fishing, sketching, we spent six idle weeks of summer.

Reading was reduced to the minimum, though, to be sure, the occasional perusal of a *Wirthshaus* wine-list—to which we confined ourselves—might be called hard reading with propriety. Ours, however, was the national energetic idleness, not the mere basking indolence of German students, who, lolling in characteristically clumsy punts, floated down their lovely river, and lazily "chaffed" on seeing us, hot and coatless, pulling our English boat up-stream towards some distant *Dorf*.

We were proud of that boat, and paid *Gulden* for its guarding to the ugly proprietor of a neighboring ferry, a peerless knave in his way. Large disbursements were also made to fishermen, who, at the risk of their lives, according to them, snatched the *Engländerin* out of mill-wheels, towards which she frequently drifted. It was remarkable that whenever there was a depression in the fish-trade, she invariably broke loose from her moorings, and was gallantly saved by these noble fellows from dangerous weirs, and rocks, and bridge-piers. But as even a flesh-and-blood heroine cannot undergo oft-recurring "rescues" without her nerves becoming slightly shattered, we were more distressed than surprised to find that our boat, weakened by constant trouble, would sometimes "give way" in a manner painful to witness. She wept inwardly; in fact, she leaked.

"Where go you hence to-day morning, my sire?" the jocund Frau Voller, presiding at breakfast, would ask in her own sonorous language. As a tribute to amiability, we used to consult the love-worthy housewife with regard to our daily excursions, and she generally suggested that we should visit one of two refreshment-chalets on the mountain near—places in her eyes replete with every delight.

Dear woman! she did not much favor the Neckar expeditions—an economical inkling that rowing increased English appetites, was combined with a certain dread that appetites and their owners might some day perish together. As, on our return from boating-trips, she usually found that at least one of the party had, from accident or navigating necessity, been overboard, her fears were not unreasonable.

But Alfred Ditton was our recognized director, on the strength of his having got through one-fifth of a century—"made a score off old Time," was his cricketing metaphor. "We'll pull up to the *Trauben*" (a distant river-side inn,) he one day proposed; "dine there at the expense of Bowes, and drift back *im Dunkeln*." This plan met with unqualified approval from the majority—the minority (Bowes) merely remarking in idiomatic phraseology, to which he was given, that our captain was *ein kühles Thier*—a cool beast.

We arranged to start at twelve.

"Dare we the honor of your company beg?" inquired Ditton, addressing the Frau Professorin—an invitation we never omitted.

"Thank you fine, worthy sir," she laughed out; "think I *not*. If I in your little ship to sit were, then would I quite certainly out-pitched be. And comes not also the water therein?"

"Ah! that puts me in mind," said Ditton, reverting to English, and turning to me. "Cobwebs, go to your duty."

My surname is *Webb*—my duty consisted in going out, previously to a long row, to look over and carefully caulk the defective seams of our boat—a branch of the shipwright's craft in which I was supposed to excel my companions. Stripping off my coat, and collecting tools, I obediently set out.

"Make her tight—there's a good fellow," said Ditton, reducing the dislocations of a fly-rod in the hall. "Don't let that blockhead Karl interfere. I'm going up a little way to fish."

It was one of those heart-lighting days that impel men to say "Good-morning," to people they don't know—that make all objects which emit sound, musical. An awful gendarme, marching to report himself at the next town, burst into song as I passed, while "bailing out" his heavy helmet. On reaching the ferry, I found our boat inverted on the bank, and, like a workman, commenced my toil by sitting down for a while.

Tree-covered mountains rose high above me, and from dense foliage on the sides of one emerged a castle, which must have been stormed and battered by some artist corps in a long disbanded army—its ruin had been so considerately accomplished. Under it—protected by it, alas! no longer—lay a red-roofed town, rich in churches, and color, and quiet.

The cool, bright Neckar glided at my feet, glittering like a harlequin's silvered wand, and, like it, reversing a magic scene. It is a river that can scarcely be called navigable, though huge barges, with blunted prows, high sides, and great square sails—resembling ungilt Roman galleys, make a difficult but stately progress up its course, towed by many straining horses, whose shining ridges of tightened muscle may be traced sloping over their mighty quarters, "as slopes the wild brook o'er a little stone, running too furiously to break upon it."

Brown rocks jut out far into the water, which rushes in impatient swirls between them; and massive boulders, here and there, lie just concealed beneath the surface. On these, deep-laden, returning barges speeding down the rapids—quite independent of sails or horses—strike, and stick fast until pushed off by their musically imprecating crews. Against these, also, crash long sinuous rafts, darting with the stream—their hasty passage little retarded by all the poles and energy of the high-booted, struggling men upon them. Even our boat, with a draught of four inches, often became a temporary fixture in its excursions, until one of its owners, selected by means of a spun *Kreuzer*, would go overboard and effect her re-launch.

Some engineer, who probably looked upon the picturesque river as nothing but an ill-constructed canal, undertook to remove a few of the many obstacles which impeded navigation; and at intervals through the summer of which I write, men had been employed, standing up to their waist in water, laboriously denting holes in the rocks for the purpose of blasting. We had grown quite accustomed to the ringing noise of their steel tools, and to the frequent explosions, as great pieces of shattered boulders burst from the troubled stream and rose in the air.

Not seeing men at work this morning, I concluded that they were soaking internally at the *White Bear*, instead of externally in the green Neckar.

"Must not sit here listening to your chattering any longer," thought I, to my river of rivers; "you can talk to me while I work;" and "unlaying" a piece of rope, I began to pay the opened seams of our gallant but much-tried vessel, carefully stuffing and tapping the tow into all suspicious chinks, and then applying tar to them—waterproofing my hands in the process with that sticky extraction.

I was just breathing the low whistle of satisfactory progress—"Will you so good be?"—said a voice near me. I looked hastily up, for the unfinished German sentence had not a guttural in it. "Will you so good be?"—repeated a young English girl on the bank. Clear complexioned, crisply dressed, neatly booted—there was no mistaking *her* for a *Deutsches Fraulein*. With an instant hatred of my companions, for whose sake I stood there in a pair of shrunken, tar-stained, cricketing trowsers, and a collarless flannel shirt, I upset rather than lifted my hat from my head.

"Can you, will you?"—The pretty speaker's knowledge of German was exhausted.

"Yes?" said I interrogatively, in my own language, lengthening the short word as politely as I could, having nothing else to remark.

That the girl had taken me for one of those confounded boatmen, was evident; worse still, she appeared more confused than delighted at meeting with a compatriot.

"Oh, can you tell me, please, where the ferryman may be found?" she nervously said. "I want to cross the river."

"Where is then the Karl?" I called to the mother of that absent boatowner, who stood within hail at her cottage-door.

"The Karl, my sir? He is since two hours with many student gentlemen in his boat down the Neckar away gone," the goitred lady re-shouted; "and Johann, believe I, is to the town thereover walked, his little fish to sell."

"They've all quietly left the ferry to take care of itself," I told my countrywoman. "If you will allow me to be Karl's deputy; his smallest boat is there; do you mind venturing in it? I am afraid that I can't get my own one into the water alone—and it's all over tar," I added, as an adroit apology for my being in the same condition.

Wading a pace or two, I was able to draw in the fishing-punt, which was anchored by a stone.

"You need not be afraid, though it seems lightly built," said I, holding it for her to step into; "I'm used to them, and will take great care."

"But I don't like giving you such trouble, and you have got so wet," lamented my passenger, taking her seat after some hesitation. "I only want to be landed on the great rock nearly opposite, to sketch that grand old castle. It *must* look well from there." She carried a drawing-book and a tin-box of colors in a strap.

Since the time when blockhead Karl nailed together the three planks of which it was built, his frail punt had been never so richly laden as now. Calling all the watermen in my composition to the service, I pushed off, and shot away from the bank.

As the girl divined that she would be unable to tender me the ferry *Groschen*, she paid my exertions with conversation. "We have only been here a few days," she told me, "and are leaving to-morrow; so I was anxious to make a sketch, as a memento of this beautiful place."

Before reaching the middle of the river, I became devotedly attached to the sweet occupant of the punt, which now appeared to me a perfect wagerboat, so cruelly fast it sped to its destination. Arrived at the end of a too short voyage, I was desperately in love (*ætate sua* nineteen).

The top of the rock was much above the water, and could not be easily mounted, but its extending base formed a flat surface at one side, on which we landed. The higher part prevented our seeing the bridge and a portion of the river, but allowed a capital view to be obtained of the castle and town.

I lifted out the ferryman's hole-bored box in which he kept his fish alive (when industrious enough to catch any), and placed it as a seat for the artist, holding the punt—far more anxious than I to depart—while doing so. After filling a little glass with water for the paints, and being repeatedly thanked, I at last reluctantly took my leave.

"Will you kindly ask Karl to come across for me when he returns?" said the girl, as I allowed the ruthless stream to bear me away from her.

"Certainly," I called aloud; but "Certainly not," I inwardly said. "Karl, indeed, in the same boat with that angel! Karl! a dirty rascal!"—My eyes fell on the abominable tar-stained cricketing trowsers, and vituperation ended in a moan.

On reaching the shore, I fell again to my work; but caulking had lost its charms. Idly seated astride on the boat, I kept glancing at the distant girl, whenever she bent over her drawing; and when she raised her eyes to the castle, I looked downwards, lest I might seem to watch her, and abstractedly dipping a stick into the pot of tar beside me, tried to paint her lovely face in that somewhat troublesome "vehicle" on the bottom of our now neglected skiff. Thoughts took a gloomy cast. "Going away to-morrow," she had said. "I shall never see that bright being again," and I drearily looked about me for a horizon—a great aid to melancholy. Turning round with yearning gaze, I had just found the requisite sky-touched line, when a quickly-moving boat, vigorously propelled by two men, interrupted my view of it.

"Look out!" they shouted to me, as they neared the bank. A glance at the river, and I saw some smoke curling from a tube which showed above the surface not twenty yards below the spot where the English girl sat and drew.

"Stay you still! Where go you then? You will dead-struck be!" yelled the engineer's men as I drove Karl's narrow punt through the water till it rushed in over the bows.

(A boulder in mid-stream had been evidently bored for blasting on the previous day, and they, not seeing the tenant of the neighboring rock, had now inserted the canister of powder, and lighted the fuse which reached down to it.)

"If that fuse will last as they sometimes do, we may get out of harm's way before the explosion," I thought, calling out at the same time: "Jump in quick when I pass." Much alarmed, the girl came to the edge of the rock, and then for the first time saw the tube. I was only three boat's-length from her; the stream was deep there, and flowed rapidly against me; down I drove the propelling pole into the river-bed, holding it by the extreme end, and following it with my arms in the water to obtain a better purchase for each push. Caught by the spike in a cleft, it drew out of my hand, and in an instant the punt was borne back by the current. "She *must* be killed by the falling stones!" I cried in despair, every instant expecting the "bang." One chance: snatching off my hat, and using it paddlewise, I dashed it again and again into the water, urging the boat on to the fuse, towards which it drifted. "Pulled from the rock, it will lose effect." The smoke rose in my face as I reached for and seized the tube. It was horribly hot. A tug.—*Herr wunk!* Boat and I seemed travelling skyward, as if shot up by a water-charged cannon. . . . .

Then I positively found my dear old Neckar deliberately drowning me, in the coolest manner imaginable.

My recollection of the rest of the day is as imperfect as that of a bribed voter before an election committee. I believe some one remarked, "Donner-wetter!" and then pulled my hair. I am under the impression that the caulking was not finished, nor the *Trauben* visited, and I have an indistinct remembrance of hot brandy and water. . . . .

"O fortunate senex! Lucky old brute!" Bowes, who stood by the side of my bed, was not choice in his selection of appellatives.

"Nice welcome to a resuscitated companion!" I thought; "has the fellow a reversionary interest in my hunting watch?"—"Lucky! how would you like to burn your fingers like *that!*" I said savagely, producing my left hand, which I found done up in cotton-wool like a new scarf-pin.

"How should I like to have an—an—*awfully jolly*" (he tried to render this in German, and, for a wonder, failed) "girl asking after me every ten minutes for twelve hours or so?" replied he.

A brilliant light burst on me, as the flash of a policeman's bull's-eye on an intoxicated person lying in the road. "*Did* she?" I asked solemnly.

"A little small!" replied Bowes in his favorite tongue assuringly.

"Tell me about it all," said I, in a self-satisfied tone; and my good-natured but inconsiderate nurse at once sat down on my legs, and began. "Well, *allerliebste Freund*, I was looking out of window" (an earnest of future veracity—Bowes, when indoors, always was looking out of window), "and heard a lot of *Deutschers* shouting. Then came Ditton running down the bank *comme un cheval de trois ans*" (the speaker's periphrasis for a "three-year old"). "Before I could get over the balcony, he pitched head first into the Neckar, as if he'd got a lighted box of Vesuvians in his coat-pocket, and wanted to put himself out. Off he swam—you know the funny way Ditton swims—like a quill-float with a 'bite'—bobbing up and down.—He can't have gone in after that 'hat,' I thought—but there seemed nothing else to be picked up on the surface; then he made a last bob, and went under. I'd got out a boat, and was half-way across the river, when I saw two fellows lugging you and him into their punt.—Now,' continued Bowes (with a slight relapse into what we termed his Babel-mixture), "*ich bin nicht gern verkauft*" (I don't like being sold); "and when a fellow actually gets into a perspiration with the intention of saving human life, and can't find any human life to save, it's vexing; so, as I looked about *for something* to be gallant over, *Donner and Blitzen!* what saw I but *ein wunderschones* English girl standing on a desolate rock, with her hands clasped despairingly, like Andromeda, in a straw-hat. Rushed away, and saved her instantly. Would you believe it, Cobwebs, all the time I was doing so she never once exclaimed; 'My preserver!' or 'Noble-hearted stranger!' or fainted in my arms, or did anything regulation, but sat at the end of the boat staring after Ditton and you—two fellows looking as if they'd just been hanged, in the rain," ended Bowes disgustedly.

"And she asked after me, did she really, old fellow?" I again inquired, with a wondrous inward feeling of joy.

"*Ich versichere Dich*—had to run up and down stairs without my boots to tell her every time you snored all through the afternoon."

"O Bowes," I remonstrated, "you said 'breathing stertorously,' not *snoring*, I hope?"

"Afraid it was 'snore,' Webb," he confessed penitently. "I'm so truthful, you know."

Was he?

It seemed, from the various accounts, that although an unusually large charge had been placed in the cavity of the boulder, yet my having raised the canister half-way out of it had fortunately spoiled the effect of the blast; but the upward burst of water had blown Karl's punt to pieces, and me into the air. Ditton, who was fishing some distance away from the spot, had run and swum to where he saw me sink—had dived, and brought me to the surface. We were then rescued by boatmen.

A good deal of mutual thanking took place: Helen Watson thanked me; I thanked Ditton; *she* thanked Ditton (which I could not help thinking rather unnecessary, as that was clearly my business—and he was very susceptible). Her brother and sister-in-law, with whom she was travelling, thanked every one they could, and *paid* the others—not being conversant with German, but quite understanding the "voiceful-ness" of Gulden.

"Good-bye, Mr. Webb; you must come to Hertfordshire on your return home. I shall never forget what—"

Well, all that need not be repeated; but when the tremulous voice ceased, and the sweet girl took leave of me, I experienced the same difficulty in keeping off my knees that a London cab-horse does in frosty weather.

The wildest of the fancies indulged in while caulking our boat on the eventful day seemed now realized. *Of course*, she would marry me. All the three-volume works treating of salvage I had ever read, distinctly showed that if a man carried a woman down a ladder from a blazing window, or stopped her runaway horse, or rescued her from a watery grave, she *must* ultimately marry him. "To be sure, if that rock *had* been thoroughly blasted, the fragments might not have fallen *exactly* where she—" Banish the unpleasing thought!

"Glad, though, I did not propose to her; it would have seemed like taking advantage of her grateful feelings towards me," I said to myself complacently.

Two years would soon pass; I should then be twenty-one. My father had often expressed a high opinion of the "*settling* effect" (his somewhat ill-chosen phrase) of an early marriage. Prospects were bright indeed.

I was one of the first of the professor's pupils who returned to England. My stopping with him was utterly useless; saturated as my mind was with the torrent of early love, his educational paint *would* "run," however thickly or skillfully laid on.

One day, before leaving, I rose very early, under the pretext of a bathe, and surreptitiously swimming across to my rock—*the* rock—inscribed upon its surface the initials H. W., intertwined with my own. We would visit the spot on our bridal tour. Having often inveighed against the practice of name-carving, I congratulated myself on performing the labor of love unobserved. But no.—"I was looking out of window this morning," began Bowes agreeably at breakfast, "and *ich bin geblasen*" (his Teutonic version of the vulgar idiom, "I'm blowed") "if I didn't see old Cobwebs sitting on the rock opposite, in a state of nudity, working away with a knife, like an early Briton opening oysters." . . . .

Arrived at home, I took a headlong plunge into the vortex of business, to bring up figurative pearls for my affianced—well, perhaps not affianced, but—my *bride designate*, I might venture to call her.

"How hard the lad does work, to be sure!" said my surprised and delighted father, who was unaware of the cause for exertion. He positively began to waver in his allegiance to the early-marriage theory, I appeared to him so steadily inclined. That, of course, did not suit my views at all, so I reinstated him in his former opinions by stopping out late two nights together, and being musical on the stairs when I returned to the paternal roof.

The winter passed in toil and hope. I would go down to Hertfordshire in May. May arrived, and I wrote to Helen's brother, asking myself to stay there, as he had desired me to do when in Germany. A very polite reply came from some deputy letter-opener—the Watsons were away for a summer's cruise in the Mediterranean. "Must wait till Christmas-time to claim my bride," I cheerfully said—"that's all!"

Hurrying one day down Upper Oxford street, at the shopping-time, a tiny hand was put out from the wall of broughams which flanked the pavement, and a voice I first heard on the Neckar's bank said: "Oh, Mr. Webb, I am so delighted to meet you! We were so vexed to have been away yachting. We shall be so pleased—" There was Helen.

An address was given me. I was entreated, in such charming entreaty, to call soon. Fred. (her brother, I presumed) was always talking about me, and wishing to see me again. Call soon!—Why, I had the greatest possible difficulty to refrain from hailing a Hansom, and following the carriage to its destination there and then; but I collected myself, and walked blithely on. Three ladies, side by side, proceeding to further expenditure, retarded my progress by blocking the footpath. I could not crush by them, nor would I step into the road, and dirty those boots, which perhaps had just lately reflected the fair—never mind. But, as I was saying, their dresses would not admit of my passing, and obliged me to walk behind them, and so overhear their conversation.

"Who was that shaking hands with you just now?" said one to the other.

"Oh, Helen Watson, you mean; a great ally of mine, and my dearest friend at school. I am to be one of her bridemaids when she is married, which will be very soon, I fancy."

("Hope so," said I to myself joyously; "but what discernment girls have!")

"Who does she marry?" asked the first speaker.

"Why, it's rather a romantic match. Helen was abroad, and saw her *fiancé* jump into some German river and save a companion from drowning. She was greatly struck with his gallantry, and they fell in love with each other. He's a good-looking young man—one of the Dittons of Suffolk." . . . .

Noise near me started my stopped pulse. A gentleman was abusing the driver of a cab from which he had just alighted.

"What's the matter, William?" said a friendly policeman to the man as his "fare" indignantly walked away.

"Matter!" he replied in a grieving tone. "Vy, I've jest 'ad to hendure the werry greatest mortifications has hit's possible for a 'uman bein' to hundergo—I've bin *blown up for nothing!*"

"*So have I!*" said a death-pale man, who took his seat in the cab. "Drive hard, and pitch me out if you can!"

You may laugh, reader, but it was a good while before I got over it.

UNDER THE ICE.

Under the ice the waters run;
  Under the ice our spirits lie;
The genial glow of the summer sun
  Shall loosen their fetters by-and-by.
Moan and groan in the prison cold,
  River of life—river of love;
The winter is growing worn and old,
The frost is leaving the melting mould,
  And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice—under the snow,
  Our lives are bound in a crystal ring;
By-and-by will the south wind blow,
  And the roses bloom on the banks of spring.
Moan and groan in thy fetters strong,
  River of life—river of love;
The nights grow short, the days grow long,
Weaker and weaker the bonds of wrong,
  And the sun shines brighter above.

Under the ice our souls are hid;
  Under the ice our good deeds grow;
Men but credit the wrong we did—
  Never the motive that lay below.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
  River of life—river of love;
The winter of life is growing old,
The frost is leaving the melting mould,
  And the sun shines warm above.

Under the ice we hide our wrong—
  Under the ice that has chilled us through;
O, that the friends who have known us long
  Dare to doubt we are good and true.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
  River of life—river of love;
Winter is growing worn and old,
Roses stir in the melting mould;
  We shall be known above.

A Case of Luck.

"A good many singular things happened during the war," said John, as he lighted his after-dinner cigar; "but somehow I consider my own case about the funniest thing of all."

"Ah!" said I, "how is that?"

"Did it never occur to you that it was a little odd that in so short a time I should have got to be a partner in the firm, and a married man, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh, you speculated."

"Not a bit of it; or, rather, I did, and I didn't; for you know I detest speculation. I've even made old Mitraille swear off."

"So far it's all very clear; but," said I, "if you have secured a French wife, and a rich one, I could understand a little plain English."

Before I went to the war, John Devlin and I had been fellow-clerks in the banking-house of Mitraille & Co., in New York. A slight lameness prevented John from going into the army; and an utter absence of capital prevented him from proposing for the hand of the pretty Lucille, though I always believed that he had more to fear from her gruff old papa than from the young lady herself.

Poor as he was, and on a moderate salary, when I returned at the end of the war—a good deal lamer than ever John had been before it—I found my chum in the full enjoyment of all his heart had longed for, and with a brown stone front to enjoy it in. So when he volunteered something which promised to explain the mystery, my curiosity was on fire in a moment. John was a right good fellow, and I did not envy him a particle; but I must say that I was curious about it.

"Well," said John, "the way of it was this—have another cigar? You know a good deal what I was after when you went away; and my chance of getting it then seemed about as far off as the Presidency. It was a clear case of luck, I tell you, and very little more. Old Mitraille always liked me pretty well, though I was hardly the man he would have chosen for a son-in-law; and I kept his private books, you know. You know all about that unbounded gold speculation in 1862 and 1863; well, he had somehow got into it, steady, old, hard-headed banker as he is. Almost everybody went in more or less.

"The old man rather missed it once or twice, and got bit pretty hard, though no one but myself knew anything about it—so hard, in fact, that I was more than a little alarmed for the result.

"I got it into my head about that time that I would like to run down to Washington and take a look at the forts and camps. Somehow it always galled me a great deal that I could not take my part with the rest, and I wanted to have a look at the thing, anyhow. So I called at the house to see Lucille and to get a short furlough, and I succeeded surprisingly well. That is, I didn't see as much of Lucille as I wanted, but the old gentleman granted my leave of absence readily, and added:

"Suppose something may happen, somewhat, whiles you are dar, eh? You send me a telegram, quick."

"Yes," I replied, "but you know the War Department don't allow a fellow to send over the wires just what he wants to."

"Oh, never mind all dat," said Mitraille, "just send somethings, good or bad, no matter just the words. I understand mightily quick, ha! ha! Never you mind de War Department."

"And so," continued John, "off I went without a very clear idea of what was expected, or how I was to do it.

"And now the rest of it sounds tremendously like a page from Munchausen, but it's all a clear, historical fact. Mitraille wrote a letter which got to Washington about as soon as I did, urging me to keep my ears and eyes open, and promising that if I sent him anything of importance he would go halves with me on the profits. I saw by that how terribly nervous he was getting, and concluded that affairs must be even worse with him than I knew of. Nevertheless, I began to be a trifle excited myself, and thought I had a sort of horror of speculation, especially of gold gambling, I commenced to look around me pretty sharply for items. Among other adventures I fell in with old Sam Gorham, of Cincinnati, one of our correspondents, and a nephew of his, a queer, awkward spoon of a fellow; and we went around sight-seeing in company.

"Nothing would do for either nephew or uncle but a continual succession of cocktails; and I had to leave them in their rooms soon after dinner something the worse for wear, while I continued my search for information under difficulties.

"I didn't find out anything in particular all that night or the next forenoon, but I saw the sights pretty effectually; and about noon I went into my friends' room to stir them up.

"I found the nephew lolling disconsolately on a chair, and the uncle in bed with a high fever, the natural result of his foolishness the day before. The hopeful youth began the story of his tribulations by stating that he had expected his aunt there that day, but had received a letter from her saying that she had been delayed and could not come on at once.

"I asked him what the doctor said about his uncle."

"Oh, the old man is right sick, and I reckon I'd better telegraph to Aunt Sally to come on right off," said he.

"On the plea of a splitting headache he begged me to send his message, and I thought I would send one at the same time to Mitraille & Co. Well, his telegram, saving the direction, read:

"'Don't wait for anything. Uncle Sam very sick indeed.'

"'While mine was simply:

"'Nothing striking. Having a good time.'

"Now, how on earth those two little affairs got interchanged is a mystery to me to this day. Perhaps I did it; maybe he did it; perhaps it was done at the telegraph office; I don't know; but twisted they certainly were, and somehow both of them passed the censors. When Mitraille opened his he straightway imagined that something had gone to smash in Washington, and that I had taken a neat way of giving him a hint, and he rushed out and bought all the gold his credit would cover.

"He wrote me by that mail an account of transactions whose magnitude almost turned my hair gray; and while he thanked me for my hint, he begged me to be sure that my information was correct. I thought at first that he was crazy, and then I got pretty near crazy myself, thinking of what might be the consequences of the mistake. The first thing I did—this was the next day, you know—was to rush into Rigg's and ask the latest gold prices.

"Guess my delight when I found them fairly jumping upward. It was wonderful. Still, I was terribly nervous, for all sorts of rumors were afloat, and I knew that gold could fall as fast as it could rise. The feeling grew on me until, pretty nearly half-demented, I went into the telegraph office at Willard's and dashed off:

"'It's all a sell, and a big one.'

"Well the old gentleman took that just as he had the other one, and not only sold out, but went short to the full extent of his line. It was the luckiest thing in the world, for sure enough, within forty-eight hours things did go down heels over head. I began to feel superstitious; there was something fairly uncanny about it; and I packed my kit and made fast time for New York. I did not attempt any explanation, but I steadily resisted all the old gentleman's entreaties to go on with it any further. I even managed to persuade him to close up his gold account and quit it. I had Lucille to help me in that.

"The next figure was a handsome one, I tell you, and there was very little trouble about making the other arrangements after my banking account was made up. My honored father-in-law has the blindest faith in my judgment; but I told Lucille about it. What's more, I don't and won't speculate, and I won't do business for any firm that does. It's all a clear case of luck."

John threw the stump of his cigar into the ashes, and I pulled away at mine, wondering if there was any luck in my getting that bit of shell in my ankle.

Evil Tidings.

When you are the messenger of very painful tidings, what is the best method? After much reflection, I must conclude that the shortest and simplest way of communicating the facts is the best. Here nature and philosophy meet; here our last experience confirms our first practice. You have to impart to an affectionate mother the death of her son who was drowned at sea. How shall it be done? Nature teaches; art can add nothing more.

"O, lady, I have sad news to impart; your son, on such a day, fell from the yard and was drowned. He has left us."

This is the way in which they communicated things of old. So Homer (Iliad, 16: 20, 21,) when the tidings is brought to Achilles of Patroclus's death: "Patroclus is down; they are fighting around his naked corpse, and his armor is held by the plume-waving Hector." A striking instance is found in British history. When Gen. Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, the rumor, (very indefinite,) one morning had reached the House of Commons. Every one was alert to hear, when Lord North arose slowly in his place, and with a solemn voice, said,—

"General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners to the Americans;" and a dead silence of several minutes followed.

How different is this from the shuffling and equivocations in which in modern times we disguise our defeats! The same method is sanctioned in the Bible. When Eli sat trembling for the ark of God, he heard the dreadful news: "And the messenger answered and said, Israel is fled before the Philistines; and there hath been a great slaughter among the people; and thy two sons Hophni and Phineas are dead; and the ark of God is taken." (1 Sam. 4: 17.) What condensed language! and every word laden with sorrow. No wonder that the effect followed; "And it came to pass when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off the seat backward, by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy; and he had judged Israel forty years."—*Dr. Withington.*

MAN AND CHILD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The farmer stands before the field,
  His furrowed brow his trouble showing;
"Right faithful care the land has had—
  From best of seed was done the sowing.
See now the weeds so high that spring!
The wicked one has done this thing!"

Then comes his little son o'erjoyed,
  And laden with the corn-field's splendor,
The low, wild poppy's scarlet flame,
  With heavenly blue and purple tender;
He shouts, "See, father, see how fair!
The dear Lord God has set them there!"

☞ When the modest Alexander Dumas was about to be examined as a witness at a trial in Rouen, he was asked his name and profession. After giving the former, the meek author added—that were he not in the birth-place of the great Corneille, he would have called himself a dramatist! "Sir," said the finely ironical Judge, "do not hesitate, there are degrees in everything!"

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE INNKEEPER CAUGHT.

There was no good reason why I should have suggested Flora Sebastian as the name of the rider, except that it happened to be uppermost in my mind, that I believed her to be somewhere in the vicinity, and that the shadowy form, dimly seen through the misty rain, was evidently that of a female. This I explained to my inquisitive friend, as we hastily secreted ourselves in a thicket that chanced to be near us.

The horse, at no great distance, was coming toward us, but slowly and heavily, as if he labored to lift his feet from the soft, miry earth. I took care to part the bushes, so as to get a clear view of the fair rider, and awaited her approach with the most intense anxiety.

"And s'pose it should be that are Sebastian gal—what then?" queried Stebbins.

"I hardly know myself."

"Would you speak to her, d'you think?"

"I ought to arrest her, and take her to Colonel Brandon's, as a hostage for the safe return of my friend, Ernest La Grange, whom she certainly lured away. There is no doubt in my mind but she is concerned in her father's plot."

"She's a putty chip of the old block, aint she?"

"One of the most beautiful girls you ever saw."

"Sho! you don't say! Thunder! If she had a respectable father, and was a decent gal herself, she'd be so'thing for a feller to court—hey? I say, you—I guess we'd better take her along, any how—that is, if you think we can du it without gittin catched by any of her party. I wouldn't like them scamps to git hold of me, with her in my hands, I tell you! Great ginger! they'd make short work of us then, and no mistake!"

"If they catch either of us, whether she be in our hands or not, we shall probably have short time for prayers!"

"Jehoshaphat! Doctor, don't scare a feller clean to death!"

"You had better make up your mind to fight to the death, rather than be taken; and, as a preliminary, suppose we take occasion, while waiting for our lady to come up, to reprime our pistols. I am almost certain that neither of us could discharge a shot in their present condition, and I would be willing to wager something handsome that she can fire at the word."

"She?" cried Caleb, with a look of alarm. "D'ye think, now, Doctor, that she's got loaded pistols with her?"

"If she is Flora Sebastian, I not only think that she has got loaded pistols with her, but that she can use them better than one half of the men."

"Then I tell you what 'tis, Doctor—you'd jest better let her go by peaceable now, and not say nothing to her!"

"Do you ever run from your own shadow, Mr. Stebbins?" returned I, in rather an irritating tone, as I proceeded to reprime my weapons—shaking out the old powder, and pouring in fresh, and guarding it, as well as I could, from the rain, by covering it with my hat.

Under different circumstances, I might have been amused at the timidity of my companion; but now, situated as I was, it was a matter of deep regret; for I felt that little dependence could be placed on his courage, except he should be forced into the position of a beast at bay and compelled to fight for his life.

"Tell you what 'tis, Doctor—if you're agoing to seize on to that are gal, you'll have to go ahead and du it yourself—for I've no notion of being shot, jest to please you or anybody else!"

"And you can sneak off, like a coward, and boast of your fighting grandfather and Stebbins blood!" returned I, quite angrily. "But now, if you please, just hold your tongue! for the lady is evidently going to pass near us, and I don't wish to have her either charmed or frightened by your siren voice."

"Oh, you're gitting huffy, be you?" grumbled Caleb.

"Hold your tongue!" said I, in a low, determined tone, fixing my eye sternly upon the Yankee; "or you will have reason to fear me as much as any human being you ever saw!"

Perceiving I was in angry earnest, Stebbins looked another way and did not venture on another remark.

By this time the approaching party had drawn so near that I could clearly make out her graceful form, though I could not yet distinguish her features. From what I saw, however—the feathered cap, the riding habit, and gayly equipped horse, coming forward at a heavy canter—I felt almost certain it was Flora Sebastian; and weak and exhausted as I was, the idea of meeting her so strangely, with the hope of thus being able perhaps to save my friend, caused me to tremble with nervous anxiety. How should I proceed to capture her? and what should I do with her when once in my power? and what if I should fail? I soon discovered it was no use to think—for my mind was in such a state that this only made me more unfit to act—and so I quickly decided that I would be guided and governed by the circumstances of the moment. She was coming steadily forward, and, unless she should change her course, would shortly be within a few yards of me.

"Mr. Stebbins," said I, in a guarded tone, "as you have seen proper to throw this whole business upon my shoulders, you will oblige me by remaining perfectly quiet here, and keeping yourself out of sight for the present! When I require any further service of you, I will let you know. Do you understand?"

"Wal, I spect I aint quite a fool!" he answered, in a surly tone.

"You will be, if you provoke me to lay hands on you!" I rejoined, with a look that made him quail.

As the fair equestrian drew nearer and more near, my doubts and conjectures gradually resolved themselves into certainties. It was indeed Flora Sebastian and no other, and she was about to pass within a dozen yards of me. I could see that her features had an anxious look. Her head was bent a little forward, and her eyes fixed on the ground, as if occupied with serious thoughts; but she evidently was not troubled by fear of anything around her. Had she seen her father since I had? Perhaps not; and if not, she might not know of what had taken place during the dark, eventful night just past. Perhaps I was wrong in my first conjecture, that she had been to the mysterious rendezvous at all; perhaps she had taken Ernest to another place and secured him, and was now riding over to meet the gathering bandits; or, again, perhaps she was now on her way home, to confer with her worthy father. In either of these cases, my appearance might surprise, but not alarm, her, and I resolved to make the trial boldly.

She was now so near me that there was no longer any time for indecision or delay, and I quietly stepped out of the bushes, a little to the right of front of her. She started at seeing me, turned slightly pale, jerked her rein nervously, and for the moment seemed about to change her course and dash away.

"Well, upon my word," laughed I, "who would have thought of meeting the gay and dashing Flora Sebastian, with her feathers all drooping, in such a storm as this!"

"Ha! Dr. Walbridge!" she said, with a crimson flush, reining up her horse as I advanced to meet her; "what brings you out here at this early hour? Upon my faith, you look as if you had slept on the ground."

"The worst of it is," said I, as I reached her side, and put myself in such a position that I could instantly grasp her bridle rein and control her horse, "I have not slept at all. I set out from Mr. La Grange's last night to visit a neighbor, lost my way, and here I am."

"And a most pitiable looking object you are!" she laughed—her suspicions, if she had any at first, evidently laid at rest. "Why, if I had met you on the road, with your face concealed, I should have thrown you alms."

"If you will make it *arms* instead," said I, in a gay, bantering tone, "I shall not object to be the recipient of such charity now."

"How would a good round box on the ear suit you?" she queried, with a laugh, bringing her dark, lustrous eyes to bear upon me in a most fascinating manner.

"Almost anything from you will be acceptable," I replied, in the same merry strain.

She was very beautiful, with her symmetrical and graceful form, classic and intellectual face, raven curls and speaking eyes; and as I now gazed upon her smiling and radiant countenance, so enchanting with its youth, beauty and seeming innocence, it was hard for me to realize that her soul was dark with sin, if not with crime.

"By-the-by, before I forget it, pray tell me where I am?" said I, thinking it best to get this important information from her while I could. "How far am I from Colonel Brandon's? or Mr. La Grange's?"

"Well, upon my faith, you are lost indeed, if you are this far from your friends without knowing where you are!" she said, with a smile—a smile that I fancied had something of secret guile in it. "Why, Doctor, you must have been wandering all night! Pray, what neighbor did you set out to visit, that you got so far astray?"

"Am I indeed so far astray?" said I, determined of course not to reply to her last question.

"Indeed you are! It is ten good miles, as the crow flies, to Colonel Brandon's."

I gave a whistle of surprise.

"In which direction?" I inquired.

She pointed with her finger. The horse's tracks, which we had been following, were so far conducting us properly.

"May I ask why you are here, so far from home, riding in this rain?" said I. "It certainly cannot be for pleasure, unless you are partial to mud and water."

"Why, I spent the night with a friend," she answered—seeming, as I thought, a little embarrassed.

"The sick woman you went to visit?"

"Yes."

"I did not know she was a *friend* of yours."

"Oh, yes."

"Mrs. Blodget, was it?"

"Why, how did you learn the name?" she asked, with a look of surprise.

"I think I heard it mentioned when I was at your house."

This was true—though the time when I heard it mentioned did probably not correspond with that in her mind—for, it will be remembered, this piece of information had been given in the conversation with her father on that visit which had come so near being fatal to myself.

"Yes," she pursued, "the poor woman was very bad, and, not being blessed with many friends, I did not like to leave her all alone."

"Where does she live?"

"About a half or three-quarters of a mile from here," she answered, pointing back in the direction from which she had come.

Could this be true? and had she really no connection with the bandits I had discovered? Her statement might be true, and yet she be in her father's plot. I had now so brought the subject round that an inquiry concerning my friend would seem perfectly natural.

"And what has become of your escort?" I inquired.

"Oh, my gallant doctor, you mean? Well, he went home."

"And left you all alone with the sick woman?"

"Must I confess," she blushed, "that I had not attractions enough to keep him over night? And besides, he had left his medicines at home, and it was necessary for him to return for them and dispatch them by a servant."

"What time did he leave you?" I inquired, keeping my eye steadily fixed on hers.

"I did not notice the time."

"Before, or after, dark?"

"Oh, long before: he only remained a short time."

"And did the servant bring the medicines promised?"

"Yes," she answered, with a sort of impudent look, as if the question did not altogether please her.

"And what time did he get there with the medicines?"

"Who?"

"The servant."

"Oh, I did not notice—midnight perhaps. But why are you so inquisitive, Doctor?"

"Because I am so much interested in this matter," I answered, still keeping my eye on hers.

Perhaps she saw something in the expression of my features that she did not like—something that aroused her suspicion of me—for she changed color, as she put the question, with what I fancied was assumed indifference:

"Why, what do you find to interest you, Doctor, in an old woman's sickness?"

"I might perhaps find a good deal if I had the case," I answered; "but as I have not, my inquiries are made more on my friend's account than hers."

"And what of him?"

"Simply that he did not come home last night, Miss Sebastian!"

"Not come home?"

"Not before midnight."

"How then could he have sent the servant with the medicines?"

"That is what I do not understand."

"Oh, yes," she said, somewhat quickly and excitedly, "I remember now—how stupid in me to have forgotten!—the boy said something about coming over from Colonel Brandon's. Ernest must have stopped there."

"But how could he get the medicines there?"

"That of course I know nothing about—only the facts as I have related them. Come, Doctor, we shall get our deaths of colds standing out in this rain: come with me, and get your breakfast, and wait till the storm is over, and then have a horse to take you home! You look pale and ill! Do you really feel well?"

"I have felt better, I must admit, for my night-wanderings have fatigued me not a little."

"Then come with me. I will give you a ride, too, if you will accept such an awkward seat as you can find on the back of my beast."

"Thank you—you are very kind—but where are you going now?"

"Just over here, to a very intimate friend's, where I shall be as welcome as in my own house."

"Do I know the people?"

"I think you have never met them. The gentleman is a very eccentric man, and lives in very plain style—a log-house, in fact—but he is quite wealthy, for all that."

"What is his name?"

"His name?" she repeated, with a slight flush—evidently, as I thought, a little at a loss for a ready answer: "oh! his name is—is—Gartner!"

Matters were getting deeply interesting for me now. Gartner was a name I had heard her father use in addressing one of his confederates in the subterranean den; and Miss Flora was no doubt anxious to take me with her to that delectable place, where I should probably have more attention than might be good for my health.

"Gartner!" I repeated; "I do not think I know any such person."

"I am almost sure you do not; but he and his family are great friends of mine, and I can assure you of a cordial welcome."

I had no doubt that some of the persons there would be glad to see me—*in their power*—but I did not think it best to say so.

"If I am not mistaken, I stopped at the house you mean during the night," said I.

"You stopped there, Doctor?"

"Yes, and went in; but did not meet any of the family, and so left and resumed my travels."

"Perhaps they were abed!"

"Somebody appeared to be down cellar, for I saw the glimmer of a light and heard voices."

"That is strange!" she said, with a curious look, and turning slightly pale.

"Yes, I thought so myself."

"Why did you not speak to them?"

"Well, I was not sure they were not *robbers*, and I did not wish to risk my life for nothing."

"I declare you almost frighten me! I hope no harm has befallen the family! Really now, Doctor, I must ask you to go with me for protection!"

"I should be afraid to go back now myself."

"You afraid indeed!"

"To tell you the truth, I have been fearful of showing myself to strangers ever since."

"And was that the reason you were hiding in that thicket?"

"I saw you coming, before I knew who it was, and did not wish to be seen."

"Well," she said, tightening up her rein, as if about to start, "if you will not go with me, I must venture on alone and see what has happened."

"A great deal has happened since yesterday, Miss Flora!" said I, carefully taking hold of her bridle rein and giving her a peculiar look.

"Why, what? what do you mean?" she exclaimed, in a quick, anxious, startled manner.

"Ernest La Grange did not come home for one thing!"

"How do you know that?"

"Because I was there at a late hour in the evening."

"But that does not prove he did not reach home subsequently!"

"Miss Flora Sebastian," said I, sternly, "you know he has not been home since he rode off with you!"

"Sir!" she exclaimed, in a haughty tone and with flashing eyes, and I began to see the devil I had been looking for.

"I may as well end this matter in a few serious words," I returned, in a tone as haughty and with an eye as unquailing as her own. "Ernest La Grange was lured away by you for a wicked purpose, and is now a prisoner, either under your control or that of some of your criminal confederates!"

She turned deadly pale at these words, her hands clutched the reins nervously, and if a look of concentrated hate and rage could have annihilated me, this tale would never have been told. It did not daunt me, however, or deter me from finishing what I had to say.

"Keep down your temper, girl," I continued, "for you are about to hear some very unpalatable truths; and if you meet with no other trouble, you will have reason to thank your stars! It has come out that your father is the leader of a gang of cut-throats; that he has been plotting the destruction of the honest community he has so long polluted with his vile presence; and should he be captured by the Regulators, who are already gathering to take him, he will surely have a strong rope and short shrift. In one way and another you have been betrayed, and all is lost for you! I have been the means of finding much of this out and making it known. It was I that discovered your mad passion for Ernest La Grange, which you fancied was only known to yourself; and it was I that traced to you and your father the devilish plot to carry off the innocent girl, Alice Brandon, that you might the better succeed in your infamous wishes! It was only last night, in your father's house, where one of his villainous associates had already committed a murder, that he attempted my life. I escaped from him almost miraculously; and chance, or Providence, conducted me through the darkness to the infernal den whither you would have lured me now; and there I had a confirmation of my worst suspicions in what I both saw and heard. I was now in fact making my escape when I fell in with you. Now then do you think

I know enough to justify me in arresting you here and demanding my friend at your hands?"

An artist would have found a rare study in noting the countenance of the guilty Flora while I thus addressed her. Surprise, fear, hate, rage, were all expressed, separately and in combination—the eyes at times fiery and glaring—the breath sometimes held and then the breast heaving—the lips compressed and the features flushing and paling; and when I had concluded, the hands were suddenly and convulsively brought up to the face, so as to cover it, and she almost shrieked forth:

"My God! my God!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A BOLD VENTURE.

Flora Sebastian, the guilty daughter of a guilty father, was now here in my power—but what was I to do with her? Had she been a man, instead of a woman, the matter would have been easily settled; but I was loth to lay violent hands on one of her sex; and yet the safety of my friend, myself, and the community at large might require it; for if permitted to escape, how soon would she make known to the bandits all I had revealed to her? and then what chance of surprising them in their stronghold? And yet how should I begin? What say or do first? To take her with me, even if she were to go peaceably, was to risk life if discovered by any of her prowling friends; and to bind, gag, and leave her behind, was a proceeding most repugnant to my feelings.

To rescue my friend, was now my uppermost desire; but where to find him, and how to effect his liberation at once, were questions not easy of solution. In this matter I could expect no assistance from Flora; and yet what could I do without it? Could she be appealed to successfully to aid me? I thought not; and I would not trust her—more especially since she had so coolly and deliberately attempted to lure me to destruction. She was artful and treacherous—of a cat-like nature—putting forth her softest tones and silkiest feel while getting ready to strike her claws deepest.

Had she told me truly about the place where she herself had spent the night? Perhaps I could not gainsay this—for I had heard her father inquire for her at the den I had left behind, and afterward speak of the whim of some girl, and this, along with the fact that I had met her at so early an hour coming toward the place where I had fancied she was, seemed to be evidence that on that point she had told something like truth. Of course the statement that Ernest had gone home at any time was false; but where had he spent the night? and where was he now? Perhaps a prisoner in the house alluded to, wherever that might be; and if so, had he been seized by some of Flora's vile gang? and was he now under guard? and could I by any possibility liberate him?

These speculative thoughts, questions, and reflections, which have taken me some minutes to record, went through my mind almost with the rapidity of a flash, and while the excited Flora sat with her face buried in her hands; and in that brief time my resolution was taken, to seek out this house at once, and endeavor to find and free and warn Ernest La Grange before it should be too late. How I should effect this purpose, if at all, and under what perils, I did not know, but I felt willing to trust all to that Directing Power which had so far mysteriously carried me forward, preserved me, and enabled me to accomplish so much.

With a sudden and unexpected movement, Flora now withdrew her hands from her face, seized the reins, and struck her high-mettled beast a smart blow with her riding whip. Instantly the animal reared and plunged, and but for the fact that my eye was on her, and my motion in seizing the bit as quick as her own, she would have gone from me like an arrow from a bow.

"Unhand my bridle and let me pass!" she cried, in furious rage, at the same time giving me several stinging cuts with her riding whip across my hands and face, the horse all the time rearing and plunging madly.

This was not a time and occasion for courteous and gallant acts to such a girl—my life and that of my friends depended upon my retaining her a prisoner—and shouting to Stebbins to come forth and hold the beast, I seized her rudely with one hand and actually dragged her from the back of the animal.

Scarcely had she touched the earth, when she drew a pistol; but fortunately I was near enough to strike down the hand that held it; and I did it with such a blow that the weapon fell to the ground in a small pool of water and the arm hung down as if paralyzed.

She now gave vent to several wild shrieks and cries of murder; and fearing she might be heard, and some one brought to her assistance, I let go of the horse, which fortunately Caleb had just reached, and, seizing her, and exerting all my strength, I held her, and crammed a handkerchief into her mouth, and kept it there till she ceased to resist.

"Miss Sebastian," said I, when I found I could speak and be heard, "I do not want to treat you harshly, and I have no designs against your life; but let me assure you of this, that I am determined to keep you a prisoner for the present! and sooner than let you escape from my hands, I will shoot you through the heart! Now then, that you know you are dealing with one as madly desperate as yourself, or any of your villainous accomplices, I hope you will have the good sense to conduct yourself in a more rational manner!"

"You are a devil!" she fairly hissed, with red and fiery eyes, as she tore the handkerchief from her mouth.

"Then I am the better match for you!" said I.

"You are a coward—a base, paltry coward—to lay in wait, with your vile accomplice, and put violent hands on a lady!"

"Unfortunately there is no *lady* here, or I should have had no occasion for what I have done!" retorted I.

"I will be revenged on you, Sir Poltroon, if I have to send my soul to perdition to accomplish it!" she hissed out between her teeth, with such a look of fiendish hate and malignity as secretly made me shudder.

"It is all very well to talk when talking can do any good," returned I coolly; "but as you happen just now to be wasting your precious breath, you will oblige me, and do yourself a service, by either saying less, or making your remarks more generally interesting."

At this she did what many an enraged woman had done before her day, has done since, and will do to the end of time—burst into tears, and cried and sobbed hysterically.

I am naturally tender-hearted and sympathetic, and a woman in tears has never been a pleasant sight to me, and I now felt that Flora was assailing me in my weakest point with her strongest battery. I remained impregnable, I admit; but it was only because I fortified the assailable point with the recollection that my friends were in danger as well as myself.

I kept a close eye on her, and permitted her to vent her rage and grief in tears, without a single attempt at consolation, though not without a pang of sorrow, that one so young, so beautiful, so accomplished, and so fascinating, should be so given up to guile and wickedness.

What was I to do with her? It was no place to remain out there with her in the rain, where we might be discovered by some of her friends at any moment—to let her go would be to ruin all my hopes—and to take her with me would simply be impossible, unless with her consent.

I began to regret that I had met her at all; and yet there was a hope, that, through her, in some way, I might rescue my friend.

I thought seriously, painfully, and finally resolved.

"Mr. Stebbins," said I, in a stern, determined tone to the Yankee, who was now holding the beast and looking at the weeping Flora in gaping astonishment, "hitch the horse to a tree, take off the saddle, and cut the cloth into strips, strong enough to bind this girl with!"

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Caleb; "be you agoing to bind her, now, Doctor?"

"Do as I tell you, and make no words about it, or it will be the worse for you!" said I, not feeling in the mood for arguing nice points, or answering the idle questions of a man who was all the time disposed to shrink away from danger and leave me to face it alone.

"See here," returned Caleb, bristling up, "I aint your nigger, and I aint agoing to be ordered about like one!"

Flora checked her tears and turned upon him an approving glance. Undoubtedly she was surprised to find one, who, if not absolutely siding with her, was at least disposed to act as an obstacle to my design. Caleb saw the look and swelled with importance.

"Will you do as I tell you?" demanded I.

"Wal, see here, Doctor," he answered, rather evasively, with a furtive glance at Flora, whose beauty and distress had evidently made considerable impression on him, "I don't think it's exactly the thing to bind this are gal like you would an obstropulous nigger, or two-year old calf, now—come!"

"Ah, thank God, I have a friend in you, noble sir!" exclaimed Flora, who was not slow to perceive the exact material and calibre she had to work upon.

"I did not ask you for your opinion," said I to Caleb, "but whether you will do as I tell you or not? speak, sir!—yes or no?"

"Not if you're agoing to order me about in sich a top-lofty style, and afore Miss Sebastian tew!" he replied, getting his approving look and smile from her.

"I ask you, for the last time," said I, "whether or not you will tie that horse to a tree, take off the saddle, and cut the cloth into strips?"

"Of course you will not!" said Flora; "you are too much of a gentleman to treat a helpless lady in that rude manner!"

I do not think that Stebbins had at first any idea of assisting the girl—or taking her part, only so far as to annoy me, because of the irritation produced by my rather harsh words—but now her beauty and flattery seemed to make him forget who she really was, and the danger in which he stood, and he replied, in a very abrupt and surly manner:

"No, Doctor, I don't want to have nothing to do with it, I swum! If you want it done, you'd jest better do it yourself!"

"Bravo!" cried Flora.

"Give me the horse then!" said I.

"No, no, my friend!" exclaimed Flora, advancing; "do nothing of the kind! the horse is mine—give it to me—and be my protector here, and you shall be nobly rewarded!"

"Do not follow me!" said I to Flora, as I took the bridle from the hand of Caleb and led the beast away toward the tree I had alluded to, as if I was about to hitch him myself.

She stopped, and began talking to Stebbins, in a low, eager tone, and I doubted not she was trying to persuade him to assist her in recovering her horse and getting away. I merely observed this, and then I acted upon the resolution I had already formed. I hastily took off the saddle, and threw myself upon the bare-back of the beast.

"Can't du it, Miss!" I heard Caleb say, in reply to something from Flora. "I'd like tu, to oblege you—but 'twouldn't be right, I don't think!" Then, as his eye chanced to fall upon me: "Hallo, Doctor! what be you agoing to du now?"

"I am going to give you a few parting words," I replied. "As you have been too cowardly and too obstinate to be of any service to me, you will now be under the necessity of looking out for yourself. That girl, with whom you sympathize so deeply, I want you to remember, is Flora Sebastian, daughter of the bandit captain who last night sought to take your life and mine; and the only way you can now preserve your miserable existence, is to keep her from getting to any of her friends before dark. As you would not have her bound, I leave you to be her keeper, and thus settle the troublesome question of what to do with her. Keep her till night, Stebbins—don't let her get to any of her friends before then! I know you can do it—you have just the courage required for such an exploit—and, what is more, your very life depends on it! Hoping you will have a pleasant time together, I wish you both good day!"

With the last word, I struck the fiery animal a smart blow with my hand, and the next moment he was plunging over the wet and miry ground through the still falling rain.

"Hallo, Doctor! don't leave me! don't! don't!" came floating through the humid air, in the whining voice of an astonished and distressed Yankee; but the only heed I gave to it was to urge on my horse.

I looked back, and saw him holding out his hands imploringly, and Flora shaking hers defiantly, and the two acts seemed to mark the two characters in the hour of trouble and peril.

I felt pretty certain, however, that Caleb Stebbins would not let Flora Sebastian get away from him immediately, if only for his own salvation; and I consoled myself with the reflection, that, in case he should get off with whole bones, the lesson might be of use to him through life.

I was now taking the backward trail of Flora, which was easily seen in the soft earth. It would lead me to the place from which she had started that morning, and perhaps I should find Ernest there. It was a bold, daring venture on my part; but I had resolved to seek my friend at any hazard, and save him at any peril.

When I reached the point where we had first discovered Flora, I once more looked back at her and her interesting companion. The steaming fog did not permit a clear view; but, as well as I could make out, they had already begun the battle, which I hoped might last many hours. He seemed to be holding her and she struggling to get away.

"Ay, Caleb Stebbins, do your duty nobly," said I, "and keep that girl from reaching her confederates till night, and as much longer as you choose! Everybody may be of some use to somebody else, and at last I have discovered how to make you useful to me."

With this I rode my horse behind some trees and beheld the parties no more.

After pushing on some quarter of a mile further, over ground that gradually grew more miry and swampy, I came in sight of a humble log-cabin, half buried among trees and bushes. My heart beat fast at the sight, for my hope of rescuing my friend was now centered in that. Undoubtedly it was the dwelling alluded to by Flora—perhaps the place in which she had passed the night—and possibly Ernest might be a prisoner within its walls.

But then, if the last were true, would he be there without a guard? and what could I do against numbers in my then weak state?

This was a point for serious consideration; and riding my horse into some bushes, I stopped and thought, planned and decided.

Tying my horse where he was, I stole forward to reconnoitre. I drew near the house without seeing a living soul. The door was closed, and there might be no one within. I went carefully around the structure, and found nothing stirring but a couple of lank, half-grown hogs, rooting in a mud-hole. A little distance from the dwelling was a kind of log barn, with a yard attached, in which were two cows, and a woman milking. I went far enough to see this, but not to discover whether she was white or black. Then I turned back and knocked at the door of the cabin.

"Who's thar?" demanded the sharp, thin, querulous voice of an old woman.

"A friend!" said I, lifting the latch and pushing open the door.

I entered a small, close apartment, that had a very unpleasant smell of bad tobacco, and found a shrivelled old hag, with a short, black pipe in her mouth, just in the act, as it seemed, of coming forward to meet me.

"Who's you and what do you want?" she demanded, with a searching look; and I saw, that, though she might be old, she had an eye like a hawk; and, I may add, a nose not unlike the bill of that bird of prey.

"Are you Mrs. Blodget?" I inquired.

"Well, and what of I is?"

"You need not be so cross about it. I come from Miss Flora Sebastian!"

"Oh! ah! yes! Welcome, sir! She must hev flew like a kite—or met yer!"

"She met me."

"Any more of yer?"

"No, one is enough for my purpose."

"She told you 'bout him?" jerking her thumb over her shoulder toward a door which opened into another apartment.

"Yes! and how is he now?" inquired I, believing that my friend was referred to.

"He! he! he!" chuckled the old hag; "he sleeps now. They had a good time last night. I's sick, you know; and they sot up to watch; and both got loving. Why not? She's a rare gal, and you don't often come agin a purtier. They's made for each other. Well, she gin him the stuff in his coffee this morning, and he's went to sleep—he! he! he! But maybe I oughten's to told yer—'cause I don't know yer!"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Blodget, it is all right."

"She wants him over thar, I spect?"

"To Gartner's?" I ventured.

"Exactly. But how you gwine to tote him?"

"Why, his horse is here, I suppose, and I have one for myself."

"Yes, his hoss is in the stable—true. But how 'bout waking him?"

"Oh, I think I can do that, unless she gave him an over-dose."

"Oh, no—nothing like what I takes. Not more'n thirty or forty drops, I spect. You see he'd ben up long, and was natural sleepy. But won't he make a row when he sees she's gone and he's got to go with you? You'd best git one or two more! I kin send for black Jim."

"Oh, I can manage him without the least trouble!" said I. "You see he knows me; but don't know that I belong to—*them*—you understand?"

"Oh! ay!—he! he! he!"

"So I shall simply persuade him to go with me."

"Yes, I see!—he! he! he! But when he finds he's trapped, how then?"

"I suppose she has arranged all that!"

"Reckon!—he! he! he! She's deep—cute!"

At this moment a stout black girl, of perhaps twenty-five, entered, with a small pail half full of milk.

"Nelly," said the old hag, "this gent's come from Miss Flora for 'tother."

Nelly eyed me sharply, suspiciously, and, I may add, impudently, from head to foot, and from foot to head; and then turning quickly to her mistress, she said, with an angry fling:

"Doesn't spect so."

"You don't think nothing's wrong, gal?" demanded the old woman, becoming alarmed.

"I's seed a great many, Missus; but neber *him*—*dar*—dat's ol'sr!"

"Well," said I, "I come from Miss Flora Sebastian, and know all about the whole affair, and that is proof enough. Come, where is he? I must hurry this business through, for I am wanted elsewhere!"

Nelly spoke a few hasty words to the old woman, in a tone too low for me to distinguish them, and then ran out of the house. I stepped to the door and saw her flying in the direction of the stable. I called to her, but she would not stop nor answer.

I feared she either knew me, or suspected I was not sent there by Flora, and was now running for assistance. I would have followed and stopped her, only that I feared to leave the house, lest I should be bolted out and miss the chance of rescuing my friend, Ernest La Grange, whom I now believed to be in a drugged sleep in another apartment.

If my surmises were correct, it was all important that what I would do I must do quickly; and I suddenly closed the door with a bang, shot the bolt, and turned back for rapid and decisive action.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and family have joined Captain Duncan's excursion to the Holy Land, to sail from New York in June next.

The Esterhazy Jewels.

These famous jewels, which for more than three quarters of a century have, when worn by the princes of the great house of Esterhazy, excited the admiration of the chief courts of Europe, are at length placed under the hammer of the auctioneer, and will be no more worn, at least by men. There are few who have not heard traditionally of the surprising splendor and value of these gems; the jeweled boots, the diamond ornaments and pearl suit of the Esterhazys have been almost as well known at our own and foreign courts as the reigning sovereign himself. The history of this passion for precious stones, which, in one branch of the Esterhazys, developed itself into almost a mania, may be very briefly told.

Towards the close of the last century, Nicholas Prince Esterhazy attended the coronation of Francis II. as King of Hungary. On that occasion he was captain of what may be termed the King's Body Guard—that is to say, he was at the head of a troop of twenty-four princes and nobles, only inferior to himself in rank and wealth. The first of the jeweled uniforms was made for this pageant. Every part of the equipment of an officer's dress which should have been of metal was made of pure brilliants of the finest water, and the effect, as may be imagined, was so dazzling, at a ceremony where all was meant to be display, that the prodigal prince continued to increase his lavish ostentation in the same way till, as we have said, the jeweled suit of the Esterhazys became the talk of the courts of Europe. As the feudal proprietor of nearly one-third of Hungary, the owner of thirty-three manors, and suzerain of seventeen lordships, he found little difficulty in gratifying his taste for precious stones; and indeed the family gems alone supplied enough to deck an empress. These fashioned into the most extraordinary and almost priceless ornaments—being sewn over uniforms till the fabric was literally stiff and cumbrous with their weight—were worn by Prince Nicholas and Prince Paul at the coronation of Francis II., George IV., William IV. and Victoria, and at the coronation of both the last and present Emperors of Austria and Russia.

The last Prince, Paul, died deeply indebted at the commencement of last year. His estates were, of course, entailed, but his private property—these jewels among the rest—passed into the hands of his creditors, and by them or their trustees have been sold to Mr. Boore, of London, where they are now on view previous to being broken up and sold separately at so much per carat, according to the value of the gems. Their arrival and intended sale in England have created a sort of panic in the diamond market, where the prices have lately ruled extraordinarily high; and this sudden consignment of jewels, containing more than 50,000 brilliants—many of immense value, to say nothing of emeralds, rubies, topazes and pearls—has, of course, had a certain effect upon present prices.

The most conspicuous and the most valuable among all these splendid ornaments is the diamond aigrette or plume of diamonds, which, in place of ordinary feathers, Prince Nicholas used to wear in his hussar cap. This is said to be the largest diamond in the world. The plumes contain nearly 5,000 brilliants, which weigh in the aggregate a pound and a half. The height of the whole ornament is 16 inches and its width 10 inches, every part being built up of clear set diamonds of the purest color. With this, round the hussar cap, is worn a loop and tassel of rows of pearls and brilliants, and the tassel and pendants contain some stones of great price. The diamond-mounted sword and scabbard are in keeping with the head-dress, and are of brilliants of the rarest kind. The short belt, however, which is meant to hang from the shoulder to the waist, is, perhaps, the most valuable of all. It is a mere band of the finest diamonds and pearls, one stone at the top being estimated at the value of £20,000, and one at the bottom at £12,000. With these, among snuff-boxes and diamonds, are shown the late prince's orders. The gradual progress of the taste for jewelry can be traced in these latter. There are no less than six Orders of the Golden Fleece. The first is the ordinary order, in itself sufficiently magnificent, but from this larger and more valuable ones have been successively made, until the fifth and sixth are probably of their kind unequalled by any jeweled orders in the world. The fifth is composed entirely of the largest and finest brilliants, with the fleece formed in yellow diamonds. The sixth jewel is of diamonds and emeralds, and contains what is said to be the best-formed and best-colored emerald of its size which is known to exist. In fact, this stone is considered matchless. With these are also the Orders of the Bath and St. Andrew, in diamonds.

It is, however, in the pearl suit, as it is called, that the extravagant ostentation of the princes is most strikingly and most conspicuously displayed. This is the full uniform of a general of Hungarian Hussars, and every part of its massive and singularly beautiful embroidery—jacket, pelisse and trowsers—is formed entirely of costly pearls. The weight of this superb costume is such as would be cumbersome to men of ordinary strength, even for a short time. It is calculated that more than a peck of pearls, some of great beauty and value, have been used in the adornment of this suit alone. The exquisite patterns in which the gems are sewn on are almost more worthy of admiration than the pearls themselves. The collection is well worth seeing not only for its extraordinary value and splendor, but as a still more extraordinary illustration of the lengths to which personal display can rise, even among men, when once the passion is indulged in.

☞ CAREFUL OF EXPENSE.—A sailor's wife having received intelligence that her husband had perished at sea, was visited by a neighbor, who sympathized with her in her loss, and expressed a fear that she would be poorly off. "'Deed, am I," said the widow: "but he did all he could for me—he's saved me the expense of his burying."

☞ The New York Evening Gazette says that on account of the mud on Broadway, the policemen stationed there are about to carry small trowels to scrape each other for mutual recognition.

☞ A disease of a very malignant type has broken out among cattle, in some parts of Illinois, different from anything which has before come under observation. It commences by a swelling in the flank, extending forward and laterally, until the creature dies, which takes place within two or three days after the first symptoms of indisposition are observable in the locality that is affected. The flesh assumes a dark color, and a watery secretion, much like the serum of the blood, settles immediately under the skin.

Kiss Me Softly and Speak to Me Low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Malice has ever a vigilant ear,
What if malice were lurking near?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Envy, too, hath a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Trust me, darling, the time is near,
When lovers may love with never a fear;
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Waists of Females.

The smallest waists of adult females should be twenty-eight inches. Yet how many there are which are not over two-thirds of that measure, while some are still less. By a false and cruel fashion the waist is reduced or prevented expansion until the chest is so compressed that a life of illness is the consequence. An exchange very properly says:—

"Is it any wonder that there are thousands of delicate mothers, and tens of thousands of feeble children in our land, when fashion insists upon a barbarity compared with which the fashion of compressing the feet of female children among the Chinese is a harmless amusement? We have seen the back of a young lady's dress-waist which was almost an equilateral triangle, being very loose at the shoulders and compressed as tightly as possible at the belt. Yet such girls are to be the mothers of those who may be our rulers, and of such stuff are we to build our republic. Friends, the reform in this matter has need to begin in every household. A sound mind in a sound body; let this be our motto, and let each of us do our part in rearing our young women so that they may become the mothers of glorious sons and daughters."

☞ A colored lady, boasting the other day of the progress made by her son in arithmetic, exultingly said, "He was in de mortification table."

☞ A case of courtship of forty-five years' standing, is reported in East Lynne, Mass. The gentleman has paid his visits on each alternate Sunday evening.

☞ Dickens is reported to be an object of inveterate hatred on the part of printers, for his copy virtually has to be "set" twice, his first "proofs" coming back regular palimpsests covered with corrections and additions.

☞ The English Lord Londesborough has reimbursed his tenants one-half their losses by the cattle plague.

☞ A church in Columbus, Ohio, has a printed notice requesting gentlemen to leave their tobacco at the door.

☞ Can a woman be wetter than when she has a cataract in her eye, a waterfall on the back of her head, forty springs in her hoop-skirt, and high-tied shoes on? Yes, when she has a notion (an ocean) in her head.

☞ A large oscillating rock has been found in Western Arkansas. It is situated in the channel of a torrent, and moves to and fro from the action of the water; the motion producing a noise that can be heard for miles.

☞ In these days when so many men are claiming office on account of their military services, the following views of Lowell's Texas hero, Birdofredum Sawin', are worthy attention:—

"Ef wile you're 'lectioneering' round, 'some curus chaps should beg
To know my views o' state affairs, just answer WOODEN LEG!
Ef they aint settisfied with that, an' kin' o' pry an' doubt,
An' ax fur sutthin' deffynit, jest say ONE EYE PUT OUT!
Then you can call me 'Timbertoes,'—that 's wut the people likes;
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases sech ez strikes;
'Old Timbertoes,' you see, 's a creed it 's safe to be quite bold on,
There 's nothin' in 't the other side can any ways git hold on;
It 's a good tangible idee, a sutthin' to embody
Thet valoouble class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy;
It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest level with the mind
Of all right-thinkin', honest folks thet mean to go it blind;
Then there air other good hooraws to dror on ez you need 'em,
Sech ez the ONE EYED SLAVEREME, the BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM;
Them 's wut takes hold o' folks thet think, es well es o' the masses,
An' makes you startin o' the aid o' good men of all classes."

☞ In the course of a few years, every titled Frenchman will have an English or American wife, and, as for the French diplomatic corps, they are already provided with them. The French Ambassadors to Rome and Lisbon have American wives, the Ambassadors to Berlin, Vienna and Denmark have English wives.

☞ Census returns show Massachusetts and Louisiana to be the unhealthiest States in the Union.

☞ Punch says it is dreadful to hear of a child only one month old, taking to the bottle!

☞ HIGH RENT.—Trinity Building, New York, was erected in 1852, at a cost not exceeding $200,000, and was then let for about $30,000 a year. Since then the rents have been gradually raised, until the rent-roll is now $180,000, or ninety per cent. on the cost in a single year.

☞ Cards of invitation to dinners in Paris now have the initials "O. B." or "O. N.," as the gentlemen are expected to wear white or black neckties.

☞ A man in Cleveland advertises a half interest in a well-regulated laying hen for sale, assigning as a reason his utter inability to spend all the profits.

☞ Paris literally swarms with American families, who are keeping house there, who have spent $5,000, or $10,000 for furniture, and are making Paris their home. The majority of them live at the rate of $1,000 in gold a month. They send their children to French schools, and are making them thoroughly French. Good for France.

☞ Since 1821 Mexico has been governed by 23 presidents, 7 dictators, 2 emperors, 1 vice president and 1 generalissimo.

Mr. Peabody.

It is announced from Boston that Mr. George Peabody, intending soon to leave for England, deems it a duty due to himself to inform all those who, during his visit of ten months in his native country, have written to him asking loans of money, donations to literary institutions, subscriptions to churches, public charities, &c., or assistance for themselves or others, that the great number of these communications has rendered it impossible for him to read or answer, or even to open them in person. The latter duty has, therefore, been assigned confidentially to others. And as many of the writers have requested that their applications should be kept secret, Mr. Peabody states that he on Saturday caused these letters, amounting to nearly four thousand, to be burned in his presence, thus relieving their apprehensions and his own responsibility.

☞ A gentleman one day asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told, "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what had induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he thought we were dreffful poor?"

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for STRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar2-eowtf

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann D. D., Mr. W. LECHNER to Miss MARIA B. BICKER, daughter of Chas. F. Bicker, Esq.

On the 21st of Feb., by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM BARNES to Miss LIZZIE PURDON, both of this city.

On the 14th of Feb., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN TOMER to Miss SARAH HANNARD, both of this city.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, Mr. HENRY F. WILSON to Miss EMMA, daughter of Capt. Saml. Williams, both of this city.

By the Rev. T. A. Fernley, ORAN A. RIVES, M. D., to Miss AMELIA N. HESS, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN WILSON to Miss EMMA GEST, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, GEORGE F. KNISLER, aged 40 years.

On the 11th instant, DANIEL HOLE, in his 39th year.

On the 10th instant, JAMES WEBB, in his 68th year.

On the 10th instant, Miss ELIZABETH F. SOUDER, in her 58th year.

On the 10th instant, HATTIE A., wife of Captain Wm. Jenalage.

On the 9th instant, GEORGE L. PRIEVER, in his 25th year.

On the 9th instant, GEORGE, son of the late Geo. Morris, aged 31 years.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM ADAMS, in his 66th year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. CHRISTIAN MILLER, in his 80th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is a firmer feeling in the market. About 6000 bbls sold at $9@9.75 for superfine; $10 10,25 for extra; $10,50@12,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest family; $11,50@13,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@16,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells in small lots at $7,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. 2000 bus common to fair Penna red sold at $1,65@2,80; 3700 bus good to prime do at $2,90@3,05. Rye is selling at $1,20@1,25 ₩ bus for Western and Penna. Corn; 40,000 bus new yellow sold at 90@1,05, including white at $1@1,05; 27,000 bus sold at 62@63c for for Southern, and 63@63c ₩ bus for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The demand is limited. Small sales are making at $21,50@23 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork, 15@15c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams, 12½@14c for pickled do, 8¾@9¼c for salt Shoulders, and 12½@13c ₩ lb for Lard, as to quality. Mess Beef sells at $17@20 for western, and $22,50@23 ₩ bbl for city packed. Butter—Small sales are making at 19@27c for roll, and 12@20c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 10@21c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 23@24c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been more active. About 3000 bales of Middlings sold at 29@30c for Uplands, and 30@31c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 38@39 ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. We quote white ash at $4,50@5, and red ash at $4,75@5,25 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime western at 62@63c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of southern at 9@9½c, and 9½@10c for western. Dried Peaches range of 15@16½c for halves, 13@15c for quarters, and 30@32c for pared.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1000 bus old crop sold at $7 50@8, and 2000 bus fair to prime new at $8 25@8 75, including some choice at $9 ₩ bus. Timothy, 600 bus sold at from $3 50@3 65. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $3 20@3 25 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are making at 11@11½c., and country at 10½@10¾ ₩ lb.

WOOL—Holders continue firm. About 140,000 lbs sold in lots at from 62@65c for double extra; 60@60c for extra; 55@58c for fine; 50@55 for medium; 45@48c for coarse; 55@58c for good tub washed; 45@48c for inferior do.; 45@48c for extra Western pulled, and 31@40c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1650 head. The prices realized from 10@17 cts ₩ lb. 900 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—7000 head were disposed of at from 7½@8½c ₩ lb. 3700 Hogs sold at from $10,00 @11,10 ₩ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ A duchess in Paris, whose infant had when newly born been sent into the country to nurse, recently sent for the boy, when he was four years old. Walking out with the little fellow, she was amazed to hear him exclaim:—"There, mamma, is a good house," and running from her into the courtyard he took off his cap and began to sing. The unfortunate little duke had been trained by his nurse to beg as a ballad singer.

☞ The difference between the married and the divorced is exceedingly slight, consisting merely of the exchange of a couple of letters—the married being untied, and the divorced untied.

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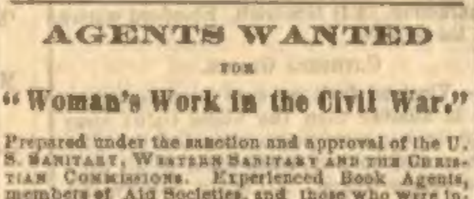
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The Great Strengthening Tonic

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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH, 936 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send home, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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Plain Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 69
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No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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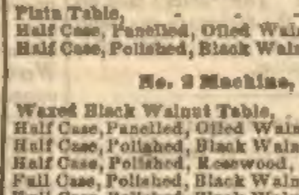

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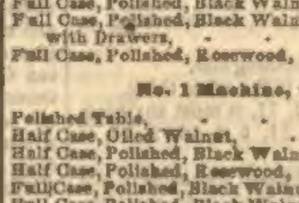

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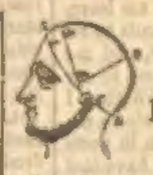

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

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FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 6.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20 A.M. & 7.10		P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.45	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.35	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL B. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-6m No. 127 Dock Street.

A HEAVY BEARD

in five weeks is warranted those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. It will not injure the skin and *never fails*. Sent, closely sealed, and post-paid, for 50 cents. W. C. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jan12-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Conjugating Dutchman.

Two English gentlemen stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, when they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables and looking around with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other a celebrated dwarf had arrived in Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spoke:—"I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives; we arrive, you arrive, they arrive."

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked,—

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks; we speak, you speak, they speak."

"How is this?" said the Englishman; "do you mean to insult me?"

The other replied,—

"I insult, thou insultest, he insults; we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much," said the Englishman. "I will have satisfaction. If you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me."

To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied,—

"I come, thou comest, he comes; we come, you come, they come." And thereupon he rose with great coolness and followed his challenger.

In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. They went into a neighboring alley, and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist,—

"Now, sir, you must fight me."

"I fight," replied the other, "thou fightest, he fights; we fight, (here he made a thrust,) you fight, they fight;" and here he disarmed his antagonist.

"Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied," said the original, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied; we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied."

"I am glad everybody is satisfied," said the Englishman; "but pray, leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing it?"

The grave gentleman now for the first time became intelligible.

"I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you of this before."

The Englishman laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them.

"I will dine," replied he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine; we will dine, you will dine, they will dine—we will all dine together." This they accordingly did, and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

Taking a Dislike.

An ill-natured fellow quarrelled with his sweet-heart on the day they were to be married. After the ceremony had begun, and he was asked, "Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife, &c., he replied, "No!"

"What's your reason?" asked the minister.

"I've taken a dislike to her, and that's enough," was the surly reply.

The parties retired—the bride in tears—and, after much persuasion, the groom was induced to have the marriage proceed. It was now the lady's turn, and when the minister asked her the all-important question, "No!" said she, resolutely, "I've taken a dislike to him."

The groom, admiring her spunk, made the matter up with her as soon as possible, and a third time they presented themselves before the minister, who began the ceremony by asking the usual questions, which were satisfactorily answered this time. But to the astonishment of the party his reverence continued: "Well, I'm glad to hear that you are willing to take each other for husband and wife, for it's a good thing to be of forgiving tempers. You can now go and get married where you will—I'll not tie the knot, for I've taken a dislike to both of you!"

A Long Kick.

Two Irishmen engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. One would ride awhile, then the other, carrying the bales of linen on the mule. One day, the Irishman who was on foot, got close up to his muleship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked what was the matter.

"The crature's kicked me," was the reply.

"Be jabers," said the other, "he's did the same thing to me on the back of the head."

THE QUAKER'S JOKE.—Mr. Dillwayn's son told me that his father in his younger days was in a stage coach with a party of military officers. One of them, a pert, effeminate young dandy, undertook to quiz the plain Quaker, and, after some indifferent jokes, asked him, at an inn where they stopped, to hold his sword for a minute, supposing he would consider it an abomination to touch it. Mr. Dillwayn, however, eyeing the young man from head to foot, said—

"As I believe from thy appearance it has never shed blood, and is not in the least likely to do so, I have not the smallest objection."

THAT TRAP.—A local preacher was "churched" for trapping on Sunday. He plead in excuse that one of his traps was set immediately by the path that led to his morning's appointment, and seeing a fox caught by the leg in it, he thought it better to put the thing out of its misery than to let it suffer till the next day. This was received as satisfactory, till one of his examiners asked whether he had not set the trap again? "Well," said he, with a most expressive gesture with his thumb and forefinger, "I barely set it."

☞ "Time is money" only when it "passes."

PROMISING PUPIL.

BOBBY (who is being put through his English history by papa—Saxon period)—"And he was to mind an' watch the cakes should not be burnt—an' when she was gone out—he only just looked round for a minute—and—er—a—he was turned right into a pillar o' *salt t' f'*"

The Creditor's Stratagem.

Four creditors started from Boston in the same train of cars for the purpose of attaching the property of a certain debtor in Farmington, in the state of Maine. He owed each one separately, and they each were suspicious of the object of the other, but dared not say a word about it. So they rode, acquaintances, all talking upon every thing excepting that most at heart. When they arrived at the depot at Farmington, which was three miles from where the debtor did business, they found nothing to "put 'em over the road" but a solitary cab, towards which they all rushed. Three got in and refused admittance to the fourth, and the cab started. The fourth ran after and got up outside with the driver. He asked the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He replied that he did not want to—that he was not worth more than fifty dollars, but he would not sell him for that. He asked him if he would take one hundred dollars for him. "Yes," said he. The fourth man quickly paid over the money, took the reins and backed the cab up to a bank, slipped it from the harness and tipped it up so that the door could not be opened, and then jumped upon the horse's back and rode off lickety-switch, while the insiders were looking out of the window, feeling like singed cats. He rode to a lawyer's and got a writ made and served, and his debt secured, and got back to the hotel just as the "insiders" came up puffing and blowing. The cabman soon bought back his horse for fifty dollars. The "solid" men offered to pay that sum if the fortunate one, who found property sufficient to pay his own debt, would not tell of it in Boston.

Mark Twain's Enigma.

I am composed of sixteen or seventeen letters.

My 16, 14, 8, 4, 4, 9, 15, is something or other, in a general way.

My 2, 11, 7, 14, is something else.

My 9, 6, 4, 10, 15, 11, is the other thing.

My 6, 16, 8, 14, 3, 2, 1, 11, is most anything.

My 5, 3, 9, 14, 7, 3, 1, 11, 5, 6, 16, 2, 13, is most anything else.

My 4, 2, 16, 9, is a good deal like some of the things referred to above, though in what respect it has baffled even me to determine.

My 9, 3, 3, 12, is—is—well, I suppose it *is*, although I cannot see why.

Now, if anybody can cipher out that enigma, he is an abler man than I am, notwithstanding I got it up myself. It would be a real favor if some one would try, however. I have figured at it, and worked at it, and sweated over it, until I am disgusted, and *I* can make neither head nor tail of it. I thought it was rather neat at first, but I do not like it so well, now that I can't find out the answer to it. It looks rather easy at a first glance, but you will notice that the further you get into it the more it widens out.

This is my first effort in the enigma line, and, to speak the plain truth, I am considerably stunned at my own success. I do not seem to have just got the hang of this sort of thing. But I offer the entertaining little trifle to your readers for what it is worth—it may serve to amuse an idle year—and it cannot do much more harm—it cannot more than drive a man mad, and make him massacre his relations.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SUBSOIL FERTILITY.

As a general rule, taking in the entire area of the United States, the turning over, or reversing two feet of the earth's surface, throwing uppermost the subsoil from that depth, would convert the most fertile fields into a literal Sahara. In almost all instances the benefit to be derived from deep ploughing is not a tithe so much in bringing to the surface the inert earth underneath, as in disturbing, disintegrating, and changing the relative positions of particles, producing areation, inducing a downward dip of the roots of all plants, and surface drainage by a free percolation of water to the depth disturbed. In all stiff, tenacious clay subsoils having a light loamy surface, it has been found by careful, and thorough experiments, that a better fertility comes from simply lifting of the subsoil, letting it fall back into place only lightened and disintegrated, than in throwing the cold inert mass to the surface. Hence the *Mapes*, or some similar subsoil plough, is an implement preferable to that which lifts and throws the subsoil to the surface.

There are districts, however, where the underlying soil, to the depth of several feet, is richer in all the elements of plant food than the virgin surface, and will produce better crops of cereal grains, vegetables, and a more healthy, vigorous growth of fruit trees and small fruit shrubs, canes and vines, in its crude condition, with but little or no manuring, than the surface soil ploughed to the usual depth, and liberally fed with popular fertilizers will give. Of this character are the subsoils of some portions of West Jersey, peculiarly so in that of a large portion of Vineland territory. Upon a recent tour of investigation over a considerable portion of the tract, we were surprised to find the subsoil taken from wells, cellars, and other excavations, containing more of ready-made, plant-making material than the surface soil, though the latter with only ordinary manuring is capable of yielding good grass, maximum crops of corn, the best melons, sweet potatoes, strawberries; and better, more vigorous fruit trees of all kinds than we have ever seen elsewhere.

In many instances we found this peculiar subsoil, made up, as we find by analysis of most of the elements which make fertility, underlying the superstructure at so shallow a depth that ploughing to an ordinary depth will bring it to the surface. The predominating character of this underlying soil is alumina, sand, and pebbles, many of which are grains of almost pure, progressed phosphate of lime, the mass containing protoxid of iron, a large per cent. of potash and soda; manganese, phosphoric, and sulphuric acids, with a trace of carbonic acid.

Such soils, though on the surface apparently unproductive, are nevertheless always fertile, and can never be quite worn out or exhausted of their plant making properties, and as these West Jersey lands, unpromising as they may appear to a superficial observer, will, and under thorough cultivation do, produce first class crops, and very superior fruits and trees of all kinds, so a large proportion of all the run down, "worn-out," abandoned tobacco, cotton and corn lands in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and in short throughout the South to the Gulf, having a similar subsoil, may five times more readily, and ten times more cheaply be reinstated in the best condition of productiveness by bringing the subsoil to the surface, than by large expenditures for any kind of mercantile fertilizers.

Wherever the farmer—no matter in what region of the country he has his home—finds within reach of his plough a subsoil having a sandy clay composition of a reddish complexion, that compresses into a compact mass when grasped in the hand, and finds mixed with it irregular shaped, rough pebbles, yellowish white in the soil, changing to ochre color upon exposure to the atmosphere, let him experiment to test its fertility. This is easily done by bringing to the surface a few shovels full, and planting in it corn, peas, almost any of the vines, or sowing it over with grass seed. If a strong, healthy growth is the result, the question is satisfactorily solved. Put to work the mold board plough and turn the subsoil to the surface. Otherwise the *Mapes* "*mole*" plough, or something similar, is *the* implement to use—lifting, lightening and disintegrating; but maintaining still the relative position of soils.

SAVING SEEDS.

We have seen in a good many instances, in agricultural and other journals, advice given to such as make gardens to save their own seeds. This is bad teaching and productive of frequent disappointment and disastrous results. Certainly the agricultural, or any other editor who advises his readers to save seeds of their own growing, as a general rule cannot be competent to advise in the premises; nor can he be much of a practical or even a common sense theoretical gardener, though he may talk agriculture like an angel.

All plants, and especially our whole list of ordinary garden vegetables, deteriorate rapidly after two or three years, no matter how rich the soil may be or how high the culture, by being grown consecutively on the same ground, or with but slight change in positions. Not one farmer, gardener or grower of market "truck" in every five hundred can afford the space requisite to grow vegetables so wide apart as to prevent amalgamation, and as no vegetable is ever the gainer by a morganic marriage, or, in other words, by natural hybridization, no other results can be reasonably expected than that the plants thus grown too near neighbors should run a rapid down-hill race to inferiority. For instance, melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, squashes, parsnips, carrots, beets, etc., will mix ruinously at distances that the unthinking, unpractical gardener or farmer would deem impossible.

Then there are few who grow vegetables for market or home consumption who have either time or tact to select and save home grown seeds as they ought to be selected and saved. In a word, the whole thing, reduced to a short sentence, is a fact that ought to be patent and popular with everybody, that professional seed growers and reliable seedsmen and nurserymen are necessities as arbitrarily absolute in every community as good millers, butchers and bakers.

Seeds of several varieties of vegetables imported fresh every year from Europe by our seedsmen, their standard excellence being thus maintained, would degenerate in the third or fourth year into utter worthlessness if grown from home saved seeds.

POTATO PLANTING.

We offer in season a paragraph or two of suggestions upon potatoes, what sorts to plant, how to plant, what to manure with, and how to cultivate. We do not profess to be a perfect practical potato culturist; but since last year this time we have made diligent inquiry among potato planters, and taking the testimony of many who have been most successful, producing the largest and best crops, we have learned the following facts:

That land intended for potatoes ought to be well manured with thoroughly rotted barn yard manure, evenly spread over the surface and turned in by an early, deep ploughing—otherwise, manure with muck and marl in equal portions, tempered with lime, composted and ploughed in.

In preparing for planting, turn furrows about seven inches deep, three and a half feet apart. Plant *whole potatoes*, averaging a foot in distance. Turn over them a light furrow from either side, covering evenly about six inches deep. Cultivate faithfully three times at least with horse hoe, keeping clear of all weeds.

Better than any of the new favorites we have found the good old *White Mercer*, though less productive. Best to yield, Cuzco. For first crop for marketing, early Goodrich. Standard winter crop, the *Monitor*.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——Vineland fruit growers have pear trees more in number than the whole Union army during the war, more peach trees than the Confederates had soldiers, small fruits of all sorts by the square league. All hardy, healthy, and going to give Philadelphia a flood of superior fruit during the summer of 1867.

——We have a good many letters, asking who keeps for sale in or near Philadelphia fowls of popular breeds and eggs of the same. Somebody ought to do so certainly, and advertise them.

——Our neighbors over in Jersey are wide awake and at work. We have seen ploughing, preparing manures and planting vines and fruit trees going on among them these three weeks. All West Jersey is going to be an early fruit garden at an early day.

——The wheat crop in all our midland regions east of the Alleghanies may be considered safe and sound, so far as winter vicissitudes are concerned. We have never had better looking wheat at this season—never nearly so much a-field.

——Seedsmen in all sections of the country are unusually busy, sending out larger seed supplies than they have ever done before. So, the season proving propitious, the prospect of plenty is satisfactorily favorable.

RECEIPTS.

BOILING FISH.—Have only as much water as will just cover the fish; when it is nearly boiling put in a lump of salt the size of an apple, and a wineglassfull of vinegar, then put the fish on the drainer, and put it into the water, let it simmer quickly up, then draw the fish-kettle back, so that the water is only just seen to move, and let it simmer in this way for quite twenty minutes, or if it be a large and whole salmon, then three-quarters of an hour. You may know when it is done by looking at the bone, which then loosens itself from the fish, either at the head or tail.

If you are going to *fry* it, after well washing, drying, and flouring each fish, or egging and bread-crumbing each, be sure to let the fat be boiling, and as it never shows that it is so, put in a bit of bread and you will see the fat boil up round it.

TO POT VEAL.—Cold fillet makes the finest potted veal, or it may be done as follows: Season a large slice of the fillet before it is dressed with some mace, peppercorns, and two or three cloves; lay it close into a potting-pan that will just hold it, fill it up with water, and bake it three hours; then pound it quite small in a mortar and salt to taste; put a little gravy that was baked to it in pounding if to be eaten soon, otherwise only a little butter just melted; when done, cover it over with butter.

STEWED LOBSTER.—Pick the lobster, put the ova into a dish, and rub them down with a bit of butter, two spoonsfuls of any sort of gravy, one of soy or walnut ketchup, a little suet and cayenne, and a spoonful of port; stew the lobster, cut into bits, with the gravy as above.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Rub an ounce of butter into a pound of flour; mix one egg beaten, a little yeast that is not bitter, and as much milk as will make a dough of a middling stiffness. Beat it well, but do not knead; let it rise and bake in tins.

COFFEE CREAM.—This is a delicate and agreeable dish for an evening entertainment. Dissolve one ounce and a quarter of isinglass in half a pint of water. Boil for two hours a teacupful of whole coffee in about half a pint of water (ground coffee is not as good for the purpose;) add a teacupful to the melted isinglass. Put them into a saucepan with half a pint of milk, and let it boil up; sweeten with loaf sugar, let the whole stand ten minutes to cool, then add a pint of good cream; stir it well up and pour it into a mould, and put it in a cool place to fix; turn it out on a glass dish before serving up.

AN EXCELLENT LEMON PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of four eggs; add four ounces of white sugar, the rind of a lemon being rubbed with some lumps of it to take the essence; then peel, and beat it in a mortar with the juice of a lemon, and mix all with four or five ounces of butter warmed. Put a crust into a shallow dish, nick the edges, and put the above into it. When served turn the pudding out of the dish.

☞ "Susan," said an Irishman to his fellow-servant, "what are the bells ringing for?" "In honor of the Princess's birth-day," was the reply. "Be easy, jewel," rejoined Pat, "none of your tricks upon travellers; 't was the Prince of Wales's on the 9th, and how can it be his sister's twelve days after, unless, indade, they are twins?"

☞ An Irishman, applying for relief, being told to work for his living, replied, "If I'd all the work in the world I couldn't do it."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 3, 11, 4, 26, 9, was a celebrated Greek poet.
My 25, 24, 27, signifies namely.
My 16, 11, 27, and my 23, 14, 19, 6, destroy my 9, 17, 1, 13.
My 25, 10, 8, is a girl's nickname.
My 28, 23, is a pronoun.
My 3, 8, 15, 20, 5, is a boy's name.
My 21, 16, is a preposition.

If you possess my 7, 20, 12, 18, 3, sell it not.
My whole is a writer for that excellent paper, "The Saturday Evening Post." SIDNEY.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Omit my 1st, and I express satirical censure.
Again curtail, and I am a well known tree.
My 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, is something that it is always convenient to have on hand.
My whole expresses opposition, or noisy collision. EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a genial clime in the summer time,
My first is always seen
'Neath waving trees on wide-spreading leas—
A lake of emerald green.

My next you must know with my first should go—
A part of it always reckoned;
Or, you might say, 'tis true either way—
My first is contained in my second.

In the fruitful prime in the autumn time,
My whole yields its products to man;
I'll tell you no more than what's gone before,
But leave you to guess, if you can.

HAWKEYE.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A field of corn is 10 rods longer than it is wide, and the square of the width is 700 less than the square of the length. What is the area of the field? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If I buy a lease at 6 per cent., compound interest, whose yearly rent is $300, to be paid yearly at the end of the year, how long can I have it by paying $2,182.34, right cash down? And how much shorter period may I possess the same lease by paying the same amount only at the end of each term when the sum of the rent with its compound interest will amount to the said $2,182.34? HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a dark room, three persons draw each a straight line at random across a circular slate. Required—the probability that a triangle will be formed by the intersections of the lines.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is truth falsehood? Ans.—When it lies in a well.

☞ What ship should be freighted with knowledge? Ans.—Scholarship.

☞ Why is a man who marries twice like a ship? Ans.—Because he has a second mate.

☞ Why is the letter s like dinner? Ans.—Because it comes before t.

☞ Why is China called the celestial land? Ans.—Because a little tea (t) makes an immortal life out of an immoral one.

☞ Why is s a strong letter? Ans.—Because it is always in health.

☞ Why are the snows on Mont Blanc like a ship builder? Ans.—Because they av-a-lanch (have a launch) whenever they get ready.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"A needle is not sharp at both ends." ENIGMA—"Hearts Ernant." CHARADE—Magdalena (Mag, day, Lee, nay.)

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, Dec. 29th—36.0555x feet. L. L. Williams, J. N. Sodera.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM, same date—231.6718700288 feet depth of well; 8.7969698830401664 seconds the time of stone's descent, and .2030401664 sec. time of sound's ascent. J. N. Sodera.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM, Jan. 5th—48 inches. J. M. Greenwood and J. B. Sanders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, Jan. 5th—$180.85 5-47. W. H. Morrow. $180 40-47. W. F. L. Sanders. $200,000,000,000. W. Collins.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, Jan. 5th—The length of the ladder is 65 feet. The height of the higher tower is 64 feet. The height of the lower tower is 52 feet. Distance of ladder from the base of lower tower is 39 feet. Distance of ladder from base of higher tower, 25 feet. Daniel Diefenbach.

Answer to PROBLEM by D. Diefenbach, Jan. 12th—The length 80 feet, breadth 32 feet, height 12 feet. All of them a little more; the excess being that it will be a little more than 1 1-16 of an inch in excess. D. Diefenbach, J. M. Greenwood, J. B. Sanders, Gideon Moore, J. S. Phebus, L. Lebus, H. K. Whitner.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, same date—$40. W. H. Morrow, L. Lebus, G. Moore, Frank Hancock, Nelie Brown, J. S. Phebus, S. J. Anderson, J. B. Sanders and Oscar Perry.